

LIFE  
IN A  
YORKSHIRE  
VILLAGE

*J. Fairford Breckinridge.*

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# LIFE IN A YORKSHIRE VILLAGE

(With special reference to the Evolution,  
Customs, Folklore, and Legends of  
Carlton-in-Cleveland, this village being  
taken as a type)

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"Life in a Training Stable," etc., etc.

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## FOREWORD

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At a day when, whether to our profit or to our loss, so many familiar landmarks are disappearing from our ken, or are in course of transformation into something, perhaps rich, but certainly strange, it may not be presumptuous to hope that this unpretentious chronicle of "Life in a Yorkshire Village," may be of something more than sentimental value. If the mirror these pages hold up to life is small, at any rate it reflects many far-reaching changes in the manner of living and in outlook of life, in the tasks of labour and the manner of their accomplishment; shifting ideas, new ideals flit across it, it shows the slow tooth of time gnawing at and reshaping the customs, pastimes, philosophy, beliefs, and speech of our country folk.

It is with these the historian of the future, when he renders count of the "mettle of our pasture," will have to reckon.

And this mettle is, as I know it, raciest of the soil in Yorkshire village life. These communities are self-contained, and, at any rate, until the other day, were self-sufficient. The very conditions of their establishment and existence postulate it. True, they are microcosms but none the less cosmic. The dweller in towns, who has grown up to regard village life as a featureless monotony, an Arcadian captivity, chequered (*pace* Mr. Thomas Hardy and other distinguished realists) by uncouth criminality, may no doubt regard this claim as partisan. But take almost any Yorkshire village whose roots strike back into the past, and

you will find there, as it is my endeavour to show in the pages that follow, quaint old-world customs, weird legends and traditions, curious beliefs (you may call them superstitions if you like), gnarled and independent characters, an almost feudal regard for the squirearchy, a keen uncontaminate affection for sport for sport's sake, and above, over all and through all, the influence of Holy Church and of the successive priests who have served her.

We are, you may say, still *adscripti glebae*, as adhesive to the soil as we were in the dark days of the Middle Ages. No doubt you are right but I claim that for this very reason we are racy of the soil and that our leaders at Armageddon will have to reckon with mettle of our pasture as Henry did at Agincourt.

There are numberless other village communities such as I have in mind throughout the length and breadth of the land, in addition to those in my own beloved Shire. There are villages tucked away in the folds of the Cotswolds, and a few remote hamlets, fewer every day, hidden away among the Sussex downs that might serve my purpose. But to illustrate my text I have thought it well to confine my story to a single village that might stand as representative of many, as it were an archetype of a typical Yorkshire village. My choice has fallen on one of the fairest in all Yorkshire—Carlton-in-Cleveland. For while I found here all the characteristics common to most other ancient village settlements in our Shire of Broad Acres I discovered a great deal of distinctive interest, of interest peculiar, perhaps, to Carlton itself. So to my chronicle of life in a Yorkshire village from the earliest records, I have added the unparalleled story and tragedy of the Church in Carlton-in-

Cleveland, which a sketch of the Rev. John Latimer Kyle, M.A., the present vicar, seems to round off. All Yorkshire knows him for a parson who builds churches, rides to hounds, and farms his own glebe. He is a parson who enjoys his day with his gun, as keenly as a day with hounds. Moreover, if never a sinner, he is now a publican, in so far that he is licensee of one of the hostleries in the village. The vicar of Carlton, it seemed to me, fitted into the picture, for he too is raey of the soil, and lends the human interest of a strong personality to the setting.

My acknowledgments due for ungrudging assistance are many. To the Vicar of Carlton and Mrs. Kyle I am indebted for a good deal of the information I have collected in the pages that follow, no less than for their encouragement, without which this volume would probably never have been written. I also take this opportunity for expressing my thanks to the Rev. J. C. Fowler for historical data, to the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, Rev. R. Withington, and Rev. R. Prowde for their answers to some enquiries, to Mr. W. H. Burnett for the use of his notes, to Mr. Mello for the loan of photographs, and to the Editor of *The Onlooker* for some assistance in their reproduction. To the authors from whom I have "borrowed" I have expressed my obligations in the text.

*J. Fairford Blackbrough.*



*Norton,*

*Stockton-on-Tees.*



## CHAPTER I.

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# NOTES ON EARLY HISTORY AND EVOLUTION

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### CONTENTS OF CHAPTER :

CARLTON—A PICTURE AND REALITY.  
EARLY OWNERS.  
GOWER, THE POET BORN NEAR.  
CURIOUS LOCAL AGRICULTURAL ACTION.  
BULL-BAITING AT CARLTON.  
THE MAYPOLE AND OPPOSITION.  
THE INN BECOMES THE VICARAGE.  
THE GHOST THEREOF.



## CHAPTER I.

Amid a plethora of surpassingly beautiful hamlets and villages in Cleveland, that of Carlton is perhaps "the fairest of the plain." Situated on a loop road, half a mile from the Stokesley and Northallerton highway, it nestles under the very shadow of the Cleveland Hills. To it the summer winds carry as their burden the sweet scent of the heather, whilst the rude blasts of winter leave behind them much of their ferocity on the mountain top, whence they exchange their wildness for the hoot of the owl and the yap! yap! of the fox calling for her mate. At the foot of the hills, as though suppliant for protection, lies Carlton, a village so small and seemingly so unimportant, that the early historians have almost ignored its existence, and later day writers have, in their worship of scenic beauty, forgotten its story. It has been said "Happy is the country without a history," and there is a wealth of reasoning in the trite assertion. So pastoral, so peaceful, so altogether lovely is Carlton, that the casual visitor may be excused when he imagines that he has at last discovered an idyll and an ideal—a tiny spot isolated from all that is sordid, innocent of all the turmoil and fretful striving of the outside world. There is everything to persuade the soulful man and woman that he has left the grim world behind him, that he has shaken off his feet the dust of petty jealousies, of sinful lusts, of clamouring crowds, and that side of life to which Jerome K. Jerome referred when he wrote :—

“Never ending is the wild procession. Day and Night you can hear the quick tramp of the myriad feet—some running, some walking, some halting and lame; but all hastening, all eager in the feverish race, all straining life and limb and heart and soul



Entrance to Carlton Village from Faceby direction, showing Carlton Bank.

to reach the ever-receding horizon of success . . . cheek by cheek they struggle onward. Screaming, cursing and praying, laughing, singing and moaning they rush past side by side.”

One sighs to disillusionise the idealist, yet this book must more or less paint the picture with its back ground. The eye of the artist, the conception of the scenic worshipper, the impressions of the poet, the

affections of the townsman who yearns for the quiet of rusticity, all find their several inspirations in one aspect of the picture. Were they circumspect, they would find their ideal imperfect, and their idol possessed of feet of clay. One would not have them circumspect, nor quell the welling of their souls. This preparation for the back ground of the picture is not to lift the veil from that which is transcendently beautiful and heavenly, so as to show that which is actual and human. The objective is rather to place on record what must be more or less counter to an idealistic conception—that Carlton -in-Cleveland, hidden away from the world, apparently so endowed that men may, from generation to generation, live lives of uninterrupted restful quietude, is not without its story, not without its history. When one descends from things ethereal—to things practical, from things spiritual—and art and poetry and beauty worship are invariably that—to things human, then is one circumspect, then is one looking at the back ground.

Despite isolation, notwithstanding its Swiss-like pastoral situation, Carlton has a history so pregnant with tragedy, so full of romance, so punctuated with hope and striving, with optimism and faith, that I doubt if a parallel could be found in all England. All this, my masters, is the back ground of the picture, on the canvas of which one sees the little village with its old red roofed houses standing high up on each side of the road, shaded by tall trees, whose boughs beat time to the rippling of the stream from mountainwards: whose children play their rural games, and whose dignified and massive church stands high up as a sentinel and guardian of the whole. The picturesque Manor house, the busy village smithy, the

ancient vicarage, the wooded mound on which the bull-ring is situated, the little school, and the everlasting hills with their winding red roads, their rich colouring of bracken, heather and woodland, all come in the picture. Cowper has left word paintings of such rural havens. Gray, in his wondrous Elegy, poured out his very soul o'er such a scene, Marlow, Coleridge, Byron, Milton and Wordsworth were all enraptured by less perfect scenes.

Some years ago Mr. E. Hornung made Carlton the *locale* of one of his novels, and with certain license allowable to novelists, wove round a chapter of Carlton history, the intensely interesting story *Peccavi*. The details of this story are more or less founded on fact, yet the world in its ignorance said—"over-drawn," "extravagant," "interesting, but impossible," and so forth. True indeed is it that "Truth is stranger than Fiction," and a still truer truth is that the history of Carlton-in-Cleveland stands apart as a contrast, in fact to much with which one would invest the village.

So now to proceed with the painting of some of the back ground and personality of the picture.

As Wordsworth has it :—

As with the stream our voyage we pursue,  
The gross materials of this world present  
A marvellous study of wild accident.

Graves surmises, that Carleton (as he spells it) was probably so named, as being when first inhabited *Villa rustica*, a town of husbandmen, and therefore called Carle's town.\* The place name is an oft recurring one in North Yorkshire and in the Domesday Survey we

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\* In *Northumbrensium Preysbyterorum Leges*, the possessors of land were divided into three classes—the King's thanes and lords of land—the proprietors of land—and the Ceorls, or husbandmen, who cultivate the soil.

Rev. J. C. Fowler, M.A., informs me "there are eight parishes named Carlton,

find the settlement referred to as Carle-tun. Then it contained a car of land in the Soke of Seamer, held by Robert, Earl of Morton," from whence it descended to the Paynells. Ord gives a footnote in his *History of Cleveland* which runs thus :—

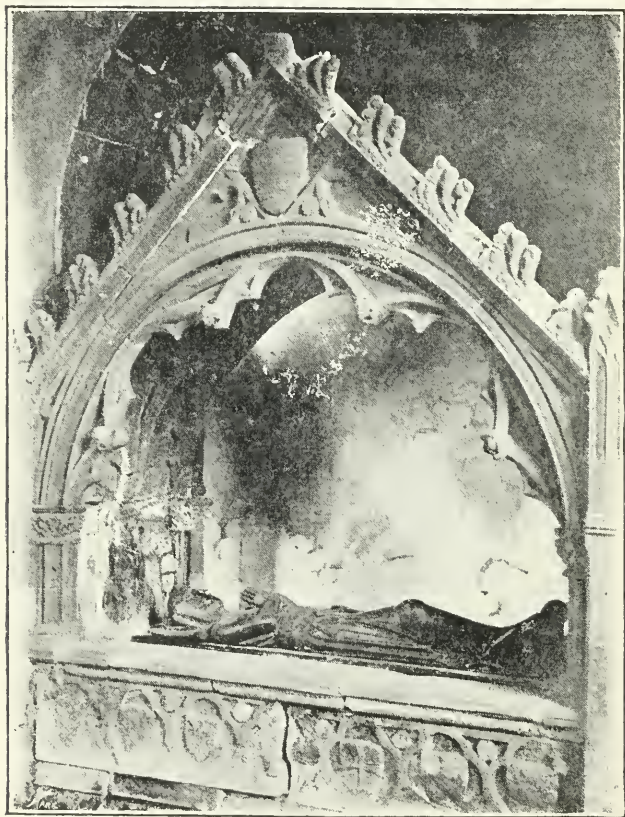
" Robert de Brus, departed this life 5 id Maii, anno 6 Step, 1141, was burried in the Abbey of Giseburne, leaving issue by Agnes his wife, daughter of Fouke Paynell, with whom he had the Manor of Carlton, &c. Afterwards, Carlton with other extensive Cleveland possessions became the property of the ancient family of Meinells. By the marriage of Elizabeth Meinell, daughter of Sir Nicholas de Meinell, born 15th Oct., 1332, to Sir John D'Arey, Knight, it descended to the family; and by the marriage of Elizabeth D'Arey, about the year 1420, it came to Sir Richard Strangwayes of Harlsey Castle. In this family it remained till the time of Sir James Strangwayes, of Whorlton Castle, Knight, who married Elizabeth, third daughter and a heir of Thomas Pigot, of Clothorholme, near Ripon, Esqre, who married secondly Charles Brandon, son of Charles, Duke of Suffolk, rem. Francis Neville, Marquis of Montague, when Parliament, by special act, granted it to Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and afterwards, in the reign of Charles I., to Charles Bruce of Kinloss, Earl of Elgin and Baron Bruce of Whorlton, ancestor

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chiefly in Lincolnshire, Notts and Yorkshire, and eleven other parishes named with Carlton as a suffix. "Carl" enters into many other place names, and the Karl (Anglo-Saxon: Ceorl) was the agricultural labourer of ancient Scandinavia, and, although the word may sometimes have been used as a personal name, it is probable that our Carlton and our Carlby represent the social rank of the original settler. It would be difficult to say whether the Carltons, of which there are several, in Lincolnshire, belong to the Danish or to an earlier occupation, but Carlby corresponds exactly with Karleby in Denmark." "The extract, adds Mr. Fowler, is from Streatfield's "Lincolnshire, and the Danes." Continuing, Mr. Fowler adds: "The best explanation of the word Carlton I once saw by a good antiquary, but, I cannot find the reference in any of my books, although I have spent a good deal of time in making the search. This authority said that all the Carltons were originally slave towns, Churltons, or places where the Saxon slaves were kept. It strikes me this is the true explanation."

to the present Marquis of Ailesbury. It is now principally the property of Charles Reeve, Esq., of Fareham, Hampshire, the lord of the Manor."

None of these early owners would reside in the village, though Nicholas de Meynell, when resident at Whorlton Castle (his principal house), would no doubt frequently be through it when on hunting expeditions, for he had



The Tomb of the Meynells at Whorlton.

granted him on July 16th, 53 Henry III, a charter of free park and game warren, and a market, which grant was confirmed by Ed. I, on Nov. 24th, 1281. A warren was next in degree to a park, so that Sir Nicholas had practically *carte blanche* to hunt what or where he would in the neighbourhood. Then-a-days it would seem that the land around Carlton had been brought into cultivation, but beasts of chase and venery would there abound. Nicholas (says Graves) held the Manors of Whorlton, Hutton Rudby, Seamer, and Middleton, with the hamlets of Carlton, Potto and Trenholme of the Archbishop of Canterbury by the tenure of serving the said Archbishop with the cup, in which he should drink, on the day of his consecration.\* The aforementioned authority continues regarding Meinell, or Meynell, and the future owners of Carlton :

“ He left issue a daughter, Elizabeth, who was first married to John, Lord D’Arcy. The D’Arcy family held the Manor for several generations, “ till Philip, Lord D’Arcy and Meinell, who married Eleanor, daughter of Henry FitzHugh, died without male issue (6 Hen. V.), leaving his infant daughters his co-heirs, viz :—Elizabeth and Margaret—Elizabeth married James Strangways, Kt., and had Whorlton and other lands for her share upon the division.”

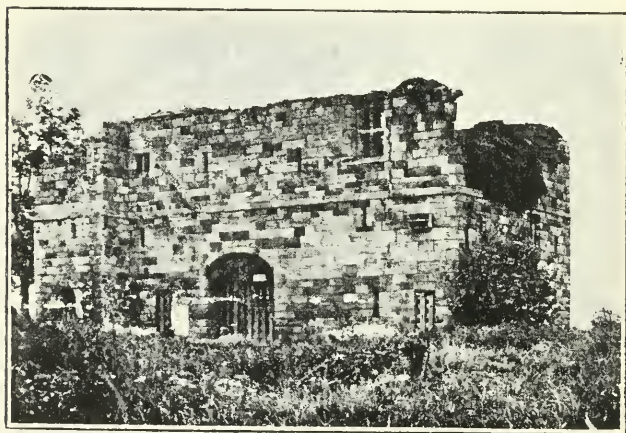
It is not proposed to further cover old ground with which Graves, Ord, Atkinson, and in more recent years the present vicar of Whorlton (Rev. J. C. Fowler, M.A.), have already so fully dealt in their various works.

It is more the object of this work to place on record that which has not already been committed to print,

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\* Calendar of Close Rolls XVI. Ed. III. Westminster.

and to save from that yawning grave (which exists in every village and hamlet) much in this connection that is worth remembering. Dealing with epochs and events as nearly as possible in chronological order one must mention with a degree of pride that in the fourteenth century (Richard II) there lived at Sexhow, a mile or so from Carlton, the Gower family, who about this period were merged into the Laytons by the marriage of Elizabeth Gower, of Sexhow, with Sir Thomas Layton, Knight, of East Layton. John Gower, "poet and friend and contemporary of Chaucer" was descended from the ancient Sexhow family, and was born about 1320 at Stittenham. It is worthy of note that in his poems one finds many words employed which are still in common use by Clevelanders to-day. For instance "algate" for a direction (usually in the sense of a profligate direction), ax for ask; ee for eye; fet. to be sufficient; ne, no; thoughter, remembered.

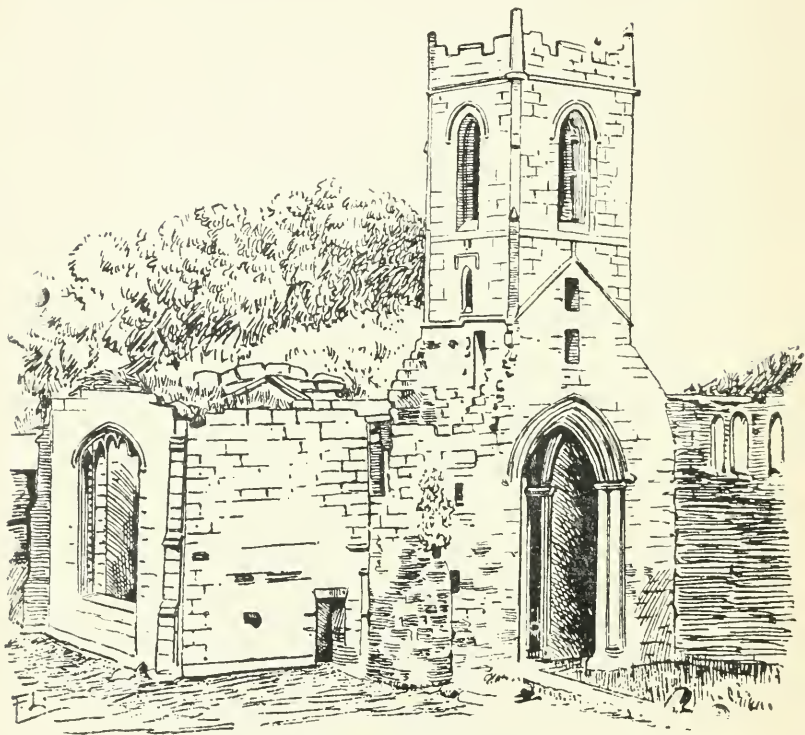


Remaining Ruins of Whorlton Castle.

About this time, the good folk of Carlton would live, under the shadow, so to speak, of Whorlton Castle, look to it for protection, and upon it as the very centre of their little world. They would be responsible for the provision of a certain amount of food for the table as well as for service when called upon. The law would be dispensed to a certain extent from its walls, and the rents for lands would be paid, probably in kind, by those who held land in Carlton at this period of its history. If one allowed imagination to run riot, it would not be difficult to paint a pretty word picture of these early days when Carltonians were living in rude houses with a hole in the roughly thatched roof from which the smoke from the wooden fire, smouldering on a floor of clay, found its way sky-wards. The labouring class were, in the best of circumstances, never very affluent about this period, their food, their clothing, their homesteads and life being of the roughest possible order. Work, meat, bed was the order of the day, and one day did not differ from another except that on Sundays they would hear Mass, said by some visiting priest from Mount Grace (founded as a Carthusian Priory in 1397), or Stokesley, in their own tiny chapel, which stood on the site of the present church, or they would walk to Whorlton Church. One thing is certain they *would* go to Mass, and in this respect the rude early forefathers of Carlton can teach us a lesson. We must pass on, however, to days possibly less picturesque, but certainly more refined and comfortable.

In the seventeenth century, the farm labourers in the Carlton neighbourhood, in common with their contemporaries in many other parts of England, were feeling the pinch of poverty and privation. One

has some hint at the poverty of the district in 1600, for at the Quarter Sessions held in that year at Helmsley, there was presented "William



Mount Grace Priory Ruins.

Marwood, of Busby, gentleman, for decaying x x x acres of arable land or thereabouts and converting x x x acres of land, the same from tillage unto pasture or meadow, and tilled nothing in the same parish in lue thereof, contrary, etc. (called Sike Close) —Super Sacram. John Fishick, const de Carlton."

The Editor of the North Riding Quarter Sessions Records adds a note : see 39 Eliz, which contains much curious matter as to the growth of sheep farming, leading "to putting such lands as they (the farmers) can get to pasture and not to tillage." All the evils are enumerated, such as raising the price of "Wine, Cattle and Wool, Fowls, etc., to almost double the prices, by reason whereof a number of people of this realme were not able to provide, meat, drink, etc., etc., but being discouraged that they fell to theft and robbery, etc." Some sheep farmers had as many as 24,000 sheep. The husbandmen were ruined and the tenements became mere cots." There was a preamble to the Act introduced by the Government in 1534 which ran :—

"Forasmuch as divers persons, to whom God in His goodness hath disposed great plenty, now of late have daily studied and invented ways how they might accumulate into few hands, as well great multitude of farms as great plenty of cattle, and in especial sheep, putting such land to pasture and not tillage : whereby they have not only pulled down churches and towns, and enhanced the rents and fines of lands so that no poor man may meddle with it, but also have raised the prices of all manner of agricultural commodities almost double the prices which hath been accustomed by reason where a marvellous number of people of this realm be not able to provide for themselves, their wives, and children, but be so discouraged with misery and poverty, that they fell daily to theft and robbery or do pittifully die from hunger and cold."

A popular ballad of the day ran :—

Commons to close and keep  
 Poor folks for bread do cry and weep ;  
 Towns pulled down to pasture sheep,  
 This is the new gyse.

Times mended, however, during the next century, and though tremendous strides were made in social conditions we find the villagers of Carlton were given to bull-baiting in the early part of the 18th century. When speaking of refinement one must always take into account the epoch under consideration and the enlightenment thereof. The manners and customs of the cultured of one generation have frequently been the taboo of those who followed it. Language, literature, habits, life itself is passing through a continuous evolution and one cannot accurately judge one generation by that which follows it. Bull-baiting when the Carltonians enjoyed it, was one of the recognised pastimes in England, and so our villagers and the neighbouring sports assembled on the raised hillock in front of the Vicarage and watched the bull



Entrance to village, showing on the left DARNTON Hill, on which the Bull Ring is situated.

secured to the iron ring in the block of stone, and then unleashed their straining dogs in turn and watched them thrown in all directions. At one period the sport (! save the mark) was encouraged by law for butchers who sold unbaited bull-beef laid themselves open to considerable penalties, in some Boroughs it being imagined that bulls so treated were more digestible. \* The *raison d'être*, however, was primarily to guard what was considered a manly recreation. We must not be too harsh in our condemnation of the early Carltonians and others who assembled on Darnton Hill to watch the "set to"—*Autres temps autres mœurs!* After the Restoration the pastime was resumed with much enthusiasm, and Sir Miles Stapleton replaced the ring for bull-baiting, and the stone to which it was attached in the market place at Bedale in 1661. So late as 1809 they had bull-baiting at Pickering, although Pepys had condemned it as "a rude and nasty pleasure," and Evelyn a year or two later confessed himself "most heartily weary of the rude and dirty pastime." An attempt was made to stop the sport in 1788, but not till 1839 was it finally suppressed, it being urged in the House of Commons in defence of the baitings "*that it tended to keep alive the spirit of the English Character, and to forbid it would encroach on the liberty of the subject*" !!!

The Carlton bull-ring† is still to be seen. The enclosed wooded mound on which it stands belongs to the lady of the Manor and is at present rented to the Vicar.

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\* In 1744, five Thirsk butchers were fined "for exposing to sale and selling bull's flesh in this market not having first been baited."

† The bull was led to the *locale* for public baiting by means of a rope around its neck. This was afterwards fastened in the ring, giving the animal about seven yards "play."

Passing on, and necessarily leaving considerable gaps. I must just make mention that in January, 1770 the "*Newcastle Chronicle*" recorded the fact that "a few days since a couple was married at Carlton-in-Cleveland, near Stokesley-in-Cleveland, whose ages made 140 years."

However reprehensible the bull-baiting may seem to us in our days we cannot but regret that the Maypole has disappeared from Carlton. It was standing forty years ago surmounted by a wooden fox, almost 8 feet long in the field behind the present schools and was attended with full ceremonial and pageant after the bull-baiting had become obsolete.

Ord in his "History of Cleveland," says that Carlton is the only village in Cleveland in which he noticed the Maypole, and Whellan (vol. II p. 739) remarks "The ancient custom of merry-making and dancing round it is still kept up." It had been discontinued, however, in Ord's day (1846), much to his regret. He follows his mention of the Carlton maypole with a tirade against the kill-joy Puritans, who were responsible for the discontinuation of the ancient merry-making dating from Pagan times. Sinnington and Slingsby in North Yorkshire still retain their poles, though in an old MSS. in the possession of my father, I find that in this locality there was opposition, as witness the following :—

"In the year 1701, there did come a great company of broad brims (Quakers ?) for to stop the May dance about the pole at Sinnington and others acting by concert did the like at Helmsley, Kirbymoorside and Slingsby. Singing and praying they got them round about the garland pole, whilst yet the May-queen

was not yet come, but when those with flute and drum and dancers came near, to crown the queen, the broad-brims did pray and sing psalms, and would not give way : while at the finish up there was like for to be a sad end to the day, but some of the Sinnington bucks did join hands in a long chain and thus swept them clean from the pole. At Slingsby there was a great dordum of a fight. For a great while the broad-brims have set their faces against all manner of our enjoyment."

With an old poem written in 1634 we are in full agreement :—

Stay, quoth my muse, there behold a signe  
Of harmlesse mirth and honest neighbourhood,  
Where all the parish did in one combine  
To mount the rod of peace, and none withstood :  
When no captious constables disturb them,  
Nor justice of the peace did seeke to curb them,  
Nor peevish Puritan in rayling sort,  
Nor overwise churehwarden, spoyled the sport.  
Happy the age, and harmlesse were the dayes  
(For there true love and amity was found)  
When every village did a Maypole raise  
And Whitson ales and May games did abound.

Coincident with the hey-day of the May-pole at Carlton were the Stocks and Whipping-post at Stokesley where many a Carltonian sat as the sport of the youth of the town. It will be noted later, Stokesley was the local Metropolis for justice, punishment and business, as, to a certain extent, it is to-day.



Stokesley Stocks and  
Whipping-post

In 1788 the Four Alls Inn at Carlton was purchased by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and its sign being removed, it became the vicarage. Probably in these days the house was quite open to the road, the present garden having (like many another bit of village ground) been enclosed and *appropriated* (what a delightfully



The Four Alls Sign.

polite word appropriated is!). The old house is extremely picturesque, and has been made all the more so by Mr. and Mrs. Kyle who did much to add to its convenience as well as charm during the time they lived there, prior to moving to the Manor House or Old Hall. The old sign of "The Four Alls," is not a very common one in the North. I remember one at Burneston (near Bedale), now, I fancy no longer an inn, but cannot for the moment locate another. The sign was usually accompanied by these explanatory lines :—

The Parson prays for all,  
 The Lawyer pleads for all,  
 The Soldier fights for all  
 But the Farmer pays for all.

I am told that though the inn was known as the “*Four Alls*,” the fifth “all” was included in the shape of His Satanic Majesty.

The Vicarage, like Busby Hall and the Manor House, is not without its ghost, though the author never saw her during the three winters he occupied the house as a hunting box. One old lady told him that when she had to sleep there she used to “ton t’lookin’ glass t’wrang way roond an’ bon a cannel all neet through.” The candle was to frighten the ghost away and the turning of the looking glass so that the old dame should not see the spectre if it *did* make its appearance. This headless ghost is said to be the spirit of a woman who was murdered and buried in the capacious cellars under the vicarage, “Oh yes! t’ vicarage is ’anted” urge the old Carlton folk and for any one merely to say they have not seen “t’ hecadless woman” is no evidence that she does not occasionally appear in astral form. “Seein’ is believin” argue the older Carltonians:—

Wringing thin hands and white,  
Shadows of woe;  
Mist-like they walk at night,  
Ghosts that we know,  
Pacing the grass between—  
Restless they tread,  
Parted, unheard, unseen,  
Poor lonely dead.



## CHAPTER II.

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# VILLAGE INDUSTRIES AND EVOLUTION

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### CONTENTS OF CHAPTER :

ALUM AND JET WORKING IN CLEVELAND.  
THE PARISH REGISTERS.  
WEAVING, BLEACHING AND OLD TIME DRESS.  
SHEARING, GLEANING AND MUMPING.  
PASSING OF THE YULETIDE PORKER.  
THE SCARTHS AND YORKSHIRE ROSE.  
WHITE FOXES.  
VARIA.



## CHAPTER II.

In the 17th and early part of the 18th century Carlton was quite famed as a centre for alum working, though so late as 1801, one finds no mention of the industry in the return made that year to the Government. The Carlton statistics showed that there were 66 houses or families in the parish, giving an average of  $4\frac{1}{6}$  to each family. These were chiefly occupied in husbandry, except a few within the village, who, Graves tells us, were employed in the manufacture of coarse linen. Carlton Bank, prior to this date, however, was one of the principal centres for winning alum in the Cleveland district and the remains of the workings are conspicuous to-day. The possibilities of the re-opening of the alum quarry were suggested in an advertisement regarding the Manor House, to which reference is made in another place. The production of alum by a much cheaper process brought to an end the operations on the hill-side above Carlton, a termination which poor George Markham Twedell thus rythmatically regretted :—

Time was when alum was the staple trade  
Of Cleveland, at our feet appears to be  
Some old volcano's crater. Industry  
Of alum-worker's muscles t'was that made  
That huge abyss—the only monument  
Remaining of their toil : but t'will remain

Whilst Cleveland's cornfields bear their golden grain,  
Or meads with grass are green. Here have been bent  
Hundreds of stalwart forms in honest toil—  
Useful as honest ! they have long since gone  
Mankind have progress'd with slow march. but sure,  
Since Cleveland's Alum industry began  
At yonder Higheliff, under that sage man—  
One of an ancient race, brave, wise and pure,  
Who bore the honoured name of Chaloner.  
Through all the district Cleveland enterprise  
Made alum works in quick succession rise,  
A blessing on the country to confer,  
Till foul monopoly—ever a curse  
To commerce and to honest industry—



Guisborough Hall—the Seat of the Chaloners.

Blighted their prospects : and when Liberty  
Triumph'd at last in factory and bourse,  
The trade had gone : for driven once away,  
Our manufacturers are exiled for aye.  
Here now, where once the mountain was alive  
With stalwart toilers, I can sit alone.  
Musing on men and modes for ever gone.  
Once Carlton Bank was a most busy hive.

We have to thank the second Sir Thomas Chaloner, one of the family who have so long resided at Guisborough, and who have always been so intimately connected with fox-hunting in Cleveland, for the discovery which years ago proved so remunerative an industry in Cleveland. He was a distinguished naturalist, and was selected by James I. to superintend the education of his son, Prince Henry, for which services the King made him a free gift of £4,000. To this Sir Thomas Chaloner belongs the honour of introducing the manufacture of alum in England. During his travels in Italy, it is said, he observed the similarity in the delicate green tint of vegetation near Guisborough and that of the alum producing district of Puzcoli, and concluded it arose from the presence of the same mineral. An examination of the strata revealed the existence of an aluminous salt in considerable abundance, so he determined on the erection of works for the extraction of alum. It is recorded he bribed some of the Pope's workmen to accompany him privately to England, whither he smuggled them in casks. Naturally, this exasperated the Pope, who had a lucrative monopoly of the alum trade, and he is said to have fulminated an anathema against both the seducer and seduced.

The following is no exaggeration regarding the curse which the author's father was once allowed to see inscribed on vellum :—

He cursed him in body,  
He cursed him in mind,  
He cursed him before,  
And he cursed him behind :



Entrance Hall, Guisborough Hall

From the crown of his head  
To the tip of his toe,  
Whatever he did,  
Or wherever might go,  
He cursed his connections,  
By land and by sea :  
And still that his curse  
More effective might be.

All the pure host of heaven  
Were called to his aid,  
To sanction the curse  
Which his malice had made.  
Never was heard such a terrible curse  
For which no one seemed a penny the worse.

The first works were at Guisborough and were situated at Belman Bank, about two miles south-east of the town, and were carried on until the close of the 18th century, and recommenced in 1852 or 1853.

Following the reference to alum working it may here be appropriate to give an interesting natural history note Mr. Frank Elgee, assistant curator of the Dorman Museum, Middlesbrough, has kindly sent me. He says :—

“In the birch wood at the foot of the bank, there used to be found a very pretty and rather rare moth, known as the Orange Underwing. This insect appears in April, and flies round the birch trees in the early spring sunshine. In the old alum quarry at the top of Carlton Bank, it is possible to find many of the characteristic fossils of the Alum Shale, but the most striking peculiarity of this formation at Carlton is the comparative rarity of fossils, which, on the coast at Runswick Bay, Whitby and Robin Hood's Bay, are extremely common. There are very interesting sections in the Lias rocks near Carlton, the great Sears at Tom Gill being very noticeable. In the sandstone quarry at the very top of the bank, numerous fossil plants occur, including the petrified trunks of trees. The plant remains consist principally of ferns and Cycads, the latter at the present day being restricted to tropical regions. The trunks probably belonged

to Cycadaceous trees, and it is noteworthy that they are never found upright in the rocks, but are always horizontal showing that when the sandstone was formed the trunks had been drifting in an ancient estuary. In fact, the sandstone rock of the moors and Cleveland Hills, belonging to the Oolitic Period, was deposited in a large estuary for it contains no marine fossils, simply the remains of the plants and thin seams of coal. On the horses and sandbanks of the estuary, there grew a strange tropical vegetation consisting of ferns, Cycads and giant Horsetails, the latter being not unfrequently found petrified in the position of growth. Of course, this was many millions of years ago and long before the present outlines of the Cleveland Hills were formed."

After alum working had ceased, quarrying for jet was continued on the hills around Carlton, and there are in each of the neighbouring villages, inns bearing the sign "The Jet Workers Arms," whilst last year (1911) an attempt was made to re-open mines on the hill-sides above Broughton, some three miles from Carlton. On Carlton Bank itself there are to be seen many jet workings. Some of them, years ago, I explored, though most of them are now fallen in. There is a story of a keeper entering one of these jet workings Carlton, and finding himself unable to return, having lost his way. Fortunately, it was known whither he had gone, to look for some fox cubs, and a man in the village who had worked in this particular mine, was sent to find him. Nearly all the jet found in Cleveland was bought by Whitby dealers in its rough state, and sold as Whitby jet. It is said that that found in the Staithes locality was of

the best quality, but jet was worked for all over the Cleveland Hills, and even in the isolated valley of Bilsdale. It is said that over two thousand workmen were employed at Whitby a little over a quarter-of-a-century ago, transforming the jet from rough black lusterless lumps to the polished trinkets once so fashionable. Then it was that Whitby was a prosperous and busy town. The Court adopted jet during mourning, and set the fashion. Necklaces, beads, crosses, buttons, brooches set with pearls, adorned the persons of the highest ladies in the land. Its popularity, in some degree, was responsible for its downfall. Cheap imitation of jet, which failed to keep its colour, was brittle and broke with the slightest provocation, was imported, most of it coming from Spain. This made it possible for the maid to imitate her lady, which my lady resented by disarding her jet. The turn of events came suddenly, and jewellers were left with large stocks of jet on hand which some of them have not sold to this day. The industry is not, however, a dead letter, for one may still purchase jet souvenirs at Whitby and Scarborough, many being made and sold during the summer.

Many workings there are running into Carlton bank, and many a small fortune has been made and lost in prospecting for jet. These excavations are the home of the fox and the badger, now-a-days, and, at the top end of Raisdale, and elsewhere, quite a number of the latter have from time to time inhabited them. Robinson, in his history of Whitby (1860), says :—

“ An important branch of industrial art among us is the manufacture of jet ornaments, supplies of

which are exported to America, as well as to the nearer ports on the Continent, the district also taking the lead in yielding the raw material. . . . The "jet holes" in the latter (four miles south of Whitby) quarter, show signs of having been worked at a remote period. Tool marks are discernible, and stalactites have been found pending in overhead positions, with stalagmites at the same time affixed to the ground beneath."

"Jet may be properly classed, says Dr. Young, with fossil wood, as it appears to be wood in a high state of bitumenization\* . . . . Raw jet varies in price according to its quality; the soft being as low as two shillings the pound. The estimated number of men and boys employed in the jet working has been printed at 1,000 and this statement seems to be below the actual figures. The value of the articles manufactured at Whitby in 1856 stands computed at £20,000."

About the alum and jet epoch there were some interesting entries made in the parish registers, though in not a single instance was a word more than necessary written. Not till 1798 was the age of the persons buried included in the record and as "thead-stones" (as monuments to the dead are hereabouts called) were made from soft stone, which soon crumbled. The story of the church yard only goes back one generation.

Here are a few extracts from such of the registers as were not destroyed at the burning of the church:—

1734: March 19th, John, the son of Kothar, a traveller, was baptised and buried ten days later. We should imagine that Kothar and his wife would

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\* "Jet is really a fossil pitch or gum, similar to amber, derived from coniferous flora in the Liassic epoch."—Rev. J. C. Fowler.

be gipsies, and that they had tarried in Carlton whilst their son was born and till he was buried. *En passant* it may be interesting to mention that gipsies have (as should everyone) a tremendous veneration for the Sacrament of baptism, and have been known to have their children baptised several times.

1734 : Sept. 21st. Hannah Wright, a stranger, was buried.

1734 : ————— a stranger was buried. There is something very pathetic and at the same time unsatisfactory to the curious about this entry.

1757 : Mary, daughter of Samuel Sutton, alum worker, was baptised. This is the first instance of an alum worker being mentioned in the register.

1785 : " George Commins, pauper, buried."

1785 : " Elizabeth Maulem, spinster and pauper buried. Short shift and little homage for George and Elizabeth.

1787 : 31st May. Ann, wife of Moses Cust, collier, buried. Reference is made to the possibilities of " the collier " in Carlton later.

1791 : William Appleby, Cecily, wife of Peter Young, and Ann Taylor, all paupers were buried.

1794 : In this year and later we find several children of weavers being baptised and of them more anon.

1798 : Dec. 22nd. " Peter Young, a pauper, aged 88 was buried. Poor Peter might have been laid quietly to rest without it being recorded for all time that he was a pauper, though the fact would have much less influence in the other world than here.

1799 : February 2nd, " Mary Johnson, Widow, aged 96, was buried." She'd been what Carltonian's call " a teeaf 'un " had Mary.

1799 : February 19th, John Wood, a butcher, aged 85 was laid to rest.

1800 : March 27th, Thomas Bolton, a farmer, aged 100 was buried. What a help to the completion of this book Tom would have been if he could have lived on ! But very likely he would have refused to have " oppenmed oot " like so many old folk do even if he *had* lived and one had tried to " draw him."

1800 : June 10th. Thomas Nicholson, was buried. He had reached his 88th year and no doubt the villagers would say one to another " He hessen't lasted lang efter awd Tommy Bolton."

1802 : January 11th. Thomas Deighton, farmer, was buried, aged 91. They lived to good old ages in these days when work was much harder, hours longer, luxury unknown, but solid food and sleep were abundant.

1803 : " Peter Worthy, collier, buried." What Peter was doing at Carlton I know not, without he was one of the men in attendance on one of the strings of donkeys which used to bring coal in panniers into Cleveland from the Durham Collieries.

1812 : March 3rd, John Sharp, day labourer and and pauper was buried. Poor John ! with the wages he would receive as a " datal man " (1/6 per diem or little more) and possibly a large family to rear he would have little else to look forward to but to die a pauper. He lived to be 78, and had no doubt worked nearly three score of these years. In the July of the same year

Mary Worthy a widow and a pauper was buried, aged 86 and again on December 16th Dorothy Lowther, widow, aged 98 years and 9 months was laid with her fathers.

We have now come to the opening of the nineteenth century. In 1800 the Government report states that "a few within the village (of Carlton) are employed



The Spinning Wheel.

in the manufacture of coarse linens for sale." The produce of the linen makers would no doubt be taken to the Stokesley fairs, which commenced with Lady Day, followed by Palmsun, Trinity and Lammass. These fairs were noted for linens and flax, "wouncy" and stuff goods, and buyers came from London, the large towns in Yorkshire and Lancashire and from Newcastle. It is worthy of note *en passant* that in

1820, Thomas Mease introduced hand-loom damask weaving of table cloths and napkins into Stokesley, and five years later began to spin flax by machinery in the mill he built. Of course village folk made their own blankets and a good deal of their own wearing apparel at this period, and those who know where to look could still find at Carlton some of the old linen made in the village somewhat under a century ago. This would be sent either to Stokesley, Osmotherly\* or Crathorne to be bleached. It may be a digression, but I came across two interesting advertisements the other day regarding the last mentioned bleaching mill which shows that even in these early days they knew something of the art of advertising (which is to get advertisements read). The prices set forth in the list given by the Crathorne bleacher will no doubt be very interesting to-day. The first appears in "*The Newcastle Chronicle*" for May 12th, 1770.

This is to give notice that John Flounders, of Crathorne, near Yarm, in Yorkshire, continues the bleaching of linen cloth to great perfection. His prices are as follows, viz: All cloth under 30 cuts in the pound, at twopence halfpenny per yard 30 cuts, and under 40, at threepence; 40 cuts and under 50 at threepence halfpenny, 50 cuts and under 60 at fourpence; 60 cuts and under 70 at fourpence halfpenny; 70 cuts and under 80 at fivepence; 80 cuts and upwards at sixpence per yard, and so in proportion for broader and narrower.

All persons who please to favour him with their custom are desired to sew their names on their cloth with thread and not with silk.

Cloth will be taken in by the following persons, viz:—Thomas Westgarth, cooper, in the Side, Newcastle; Jos. Flounders, in North Shields; Thomas Allison, weaver, in Chester-le-Street; Jane Ogden, in the Low Street, Sunderland; Ja. Crossley, in Easington; Benj. March in Durham; Wm.

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\* Osmotherley bleaching mill is still in full swing.

Bird, in Bishop Auckland; Hannah Watson and John Applegarth, in Staindrop; Wm. Hall, Attorney at law, in Barnard Castle; John Cornforth, Woollen Draper in Bedale; Elz Flounders, in Northallerton; John Smith, grocer, in Thirsk; Edw Wallis & Son, in the Pavement, York; Mary Howson, successor to the late George Wynne, in Scarborough; Jonathan Sanders, merchant, in Whitby; Jackson & Sanders, merchants, in Guisborough, and by the above John Flounders, at his shops in Darlington, Stockton, Yarm and Stokesley.

N.B.—All cloth to be paid for on delivery without abatement.”

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On July 28th, 1778, the following advertisement regarding Flounders and his bleaching mill appeared in the same journal:

“Whereas in the night of the 11th inst., or early next morning, one piece of plain linen cloth, and one piece of diaper were stolen out of the bleaching grounds of Mr. John Flounders of Crathorne, in Yorkshire; and at or about the same time, one brown horse, about fifteen hands high, and fifteen years old, with a white star on his forehead and a dimple on his left jaw bone a little below the eye, was stolen out of a pasture adjoining the said bleaching grounds. Now in order that the offender or offenders may meet with due punishment, the said John Flounders doth hereby promise to pay any persons or persons who will give proper information of the person or persons who actually stole the said plain cloth and diaper, so as he, she, or they may be actually convicted of the theft, a reward of ten guineas; and who will give proper information of the person or persons who actually stole the said horse, so as he, she, or they may be actually convicted, a further reward of ten shillings and sixpence.

“The rewards to be respectively by him paid upon the respective convictions.

“Mr. Flounders begs leave to acquaint the public that he purposes attending at the George, in Coney Street, York, the twelfth day of August next, where any person may be supplied with any quantity and kind of table linen, of his own manufacturing, upon the lowest terms; particularly diaper table cloths, five quarters square, from 2s. to 4s. a piece; six quarters square from 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. apiece; and all other breadths

in the same proportions, and any person who chooses to favour him with an order may have any kind and quality of table linen manufactured to any size or pattern, with or without arms thereupon, in the best manner, upon the most moderate terms, and with the utmost expedition."

An old Yorkshire rhyme tells us something of these days—

My clothing then it mostly was homespun :  
My stockings did my mother's taste display,  
Black and white wool she mixed to make them  
gray.

But then the richest woman in the town  
Would go to church in linsey-woolsey gown—  
On Yorkshire Wolds we mostly barley eat,  
For there they grow but very little wheat ;  
We lived on barley bread and barley pies  
And oats and peas the want of wheat supplies.

In these days labourers in the fields obtained from 9d. to 1/6 a day, except at harvest time, when the hours were longer and 2/6 was given per diem. The women folk assisted not a little towards the upkeep of the cottage, and claimed equal wages when they went out shearing. I have heard old Cleveland women boast of their powers with the scythe and Florence Cleveland referring to the district of which I write, sang in her dialect poem :—

I' former yeears what deed there was  
Wi' bairns gahin' oot to gleeen ;  
An' t' mudhers (mothers) teea went oot ta shear—  
Bud noo them tahms is geean.  
Fotty year !—lawk what a change  
There is i' fotty year !  
How wimmin ewsed ta swagger then  
Aboot what they c'u'd shear.

The village children gleaned sufficient corn to materially augment the winter larder and Hurdis in his quaint old poem urges the farmer to generosity :—

The gleaner follows and with studious eye  
And bended shoulders traverses the field  
To cull the scattered ear, the perquisite.  
By Heaven's decree assigned to them who need,  
And neither sow nor reap. Ye who have sown,  
And reap so plenteously, and find the grange  
Too narrow to contain the harvest giv'n.  
Be not severe and grudge the needy poor  
So small a portion. Scatter many an ear,  
Nor let it grieve you to forget a sheaf,  
And overlook the loss.

Following upon gleaning the Carlton cottagers had another string to their bow, for on St. Thomas' day they sent their children "Mumping." This custom\* has not long been dead and tended to further add to the store of winter's provisions as well as provide the wherewithal for the frummetty, which is eaten in almost every house at Carlton to this day on the Eve of Christmas. The practice of "Mumping." consisted of the presentation of a pillow "slip" or bag to each farmer who never refused a handful or two of corn.

Every cotter kept his pig and even to-day the passing of the porker at Yuletide is an annual event in the village. I cannot refrain from dwelling upon it for a moment, for it is a phase of village life—nay it is

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\* This custom, like many others, has its origin in Pagan days, when, before the winter festival the Druids used to send their young students from house to house with sprigs of Holly and mistletoe. The Rev. Wood Rees, in his recently published history of Barmby Moor, (York), says: "Years ago all the poor widows perambulated the village soliciting doles on St. Thomas' day. This custom was known as Thomassing, goodening, or good-doing. Money, wheat or groceries were alike acceptable. Bessie Mollet went around alone in 1909."

almost a festival. From the village inn to the school-yard the date of forthcoming pig passings is discussed in much the same spirit as the artisan of the neighbouring town looks forward to, and talks of the goose or turkey for which he has been paying instalments. The Christmas doggerel, sung all England over, includes, amongst its wishes of plenteousness, the pig:—

Ah wish ya a merry Kessimass,  
 An' a happy new year,  
 A pocket full o' money, an' a cellar full o' beer,  
 An' a good fat pig that'll last ya all t' year.

The cotter's pig is his bank, he lays out his spare cash on it, he breeds from it early in the year, and, in due season, commences the mysteries and intricacies of "the feeding" process. All day long he may be "sarving" and "foddering" the stock at the farm on which he is employed, but they are mere hungry animals, and the feeding of them merely a part of his daily round of work. Not so the pollard and potato peel, tea-leaf and washing-up-water, mixing on his return home. Then he is "sarving" his own, and that makes all the difference. "T' awd pig is quite a member of the family circle, and t' young un will in time rise to that estate." The evolution of the twain is watched with admiring and critical interest, every attitude and every expression of "t' awd sow" is known to the cotter and his folk.

Oft have I noticed, hovering round the sty  
 Where you, unknowing, snore in Morpheus' arms,  
 A gross, red man, who, with an owner's eye,  
 Approves your bulging charms.

They form the object of the home economy, for nothing is wasted when the sty is occupied. Not a crust, not a pie-dish scraping, not a drop of sour milk or unused tea, but goes into the evil-smelling pig-tub, where the outer leaves of cabbages and the skins of tuberous vegetables likewise also find a place to await their chance of being hauled out with the bucket in which the 'pollitt' is to be mixed.

She never moves, for her voracious need  
 Mysterious broths are brought her from afar :  
 Strange messes coax you if you're off your feed  
 (Not that you ever are) ;  
 The great trough yawns beneath your very snout :  
 You eat, you sleep, upon the self same spot ;  
 People object to see you move about,  
 They'd rather you did not.

Pigs are an endless topic of village conversation and comparison : there have been as many quarrels over pigs as politics, and it is a question which is the most important subject in the mind of the ruralist. Sunday morning finds pre-church-going groups in the realms of sty-leaning—pig worship and the arrival of a fresh litter is an event in the community, which only comes to the fulness of importance when the proud owner arrives at the Fox and Hounds in the evening of the morning, with the latest authentic information that "t' awd un's gahin' on weel, an' maks a good mudder," or that "Sha's gitten ower monny, an's gone an' laid on two already, an' killed 'em." The number of the litter, of neighbouring litters, and future litters, are then discussed, the health of "the wrecklin'" (the weak one), which accompanies every porky family, and so on. The health of the family

is drunk, and the owner is a more important person than heretofore, and feels an added responsibility, as well as considerable sleeplessness, following upon "sitting up" at night to hail the arrival of his new charges.

These are the opening chapters of the story of the village pig. The all-important epoch in the history is not the birth, the life, the increase in volume and outlay of money and admiration, but the culmination of all this—the obsequies. Far more preparation is made for this than for most human beings.

The much-sought for "killer," at the end of the year, is run off his feet, and before he can give an answer as to the day he will be able to pay his annual fatal visits, he consults an exceedingly dirty little book, and examines some curious heiroglyphics, which he translates for the benefit of the Fox and Hounds company in general. "Ah's at Stead's o' Mondaay, awd Willie's an' Jonathan's o' Tuesday, Ah want ti gan ti t' mart o' Wednesday, Thursday Ah promised Betty to gan an' kill three, an' then gan on ti Matthew's. Neeahoddy what wants 'em ti cure reet wad kill a pig on a Friday—\* it'll 'a'e ti be yah daay next week, George," "Yah day next week" often means some time a fortnight hence, but, by constant worrying, Isaac is induced to suck the end of a stump of pencil, and fix the date of the execution. Once having "beeaked" (booked) the auspicious occasion, there is no fear then of disappointment. Friends are apprised of the forthcoming season of plenty, and promised spare-rib, "chittlings," "black puddings," and so

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\* Mrs. Kyle tells me that not only is it considered bad luck to kill a pig on a Friday, but also when the moon is on the wane. The moon must be rising "te mak a good job on't."

forth, with which to celebrate the occasion. They regulate their butcher's order in accordance with the generosity of the gift, which is usually reciprocal.

We confess to liking much the simple and affectionate tribute to an old Carlton school master, who died in 1817. The following is the inscription on the grave stone in the church yard :—

“ Here lies the body of Thomas Nicholson, who departed this life 22nd of January in the year of our Lord, 1817, aged 65 years. He lived schoolmaster of the village of Carlton upwards of 40 years, beloved by his scholars and respected by his neighbours.

“ Reader thou might go far to find an honester, a kinder, and a more conscientious man than he was.”

May this be said of you and I reader when it is *requiem aeternam* with us !

After this little break from evolution to maintain the chronological order of this chapter, let us now revert to the modes and manners of Carltonians in the second decade of the 19th century. Corn was threshed with the flail so late as ten years ago, but though there may be an odd one still left in the village they are rarely used, though they are regularly employed on the hill-side farms a mile or two away.

Advancing about a quarter of a century (1823) I find on the authority of *Baine's Yorkshire Directory and Gazetteer* “ that the following were the principal inhabitants of Great and Little Busby :—

Rev. George Marwood, Bushby Hall, farmer ; James Appleton ; John Banliffe ; John Carter ; Robert Dobson ; John Hammond ; Henry Hudson ; Percival Hymsers ; Thomas Mead ; John Nightingale ;

Benjamin and Christopher Shepherd ; Thomas Weatherill, blacksmith ; Michael Weatherill.

In the same year the Rev. John Starkey is given as the incumbent of Carlton, but the Rev. Thomas Brown is the officiating curate. The name of Medd Scarth is the only one followed by the description of "gentleman," the other principal folk living in the parish being Charles Gibson, John Leng, who were butchers, Joseph Atkinson, John Calvert, Geo. Hall, Wm. Hunter, Samuel Kitchen, Josh. Oswald, Geo. Potts, Thomas Thompson, Thomas Wrightson, were all farmers ; Matthew Wake was at the Blackwell Ox \* and Benjamin Smith at the Fox and Hounds ; there were two school masters—Ralph Close and Geo. Scotson, three Shoemakers ; Wm. Fisher, John Robinson and John Smurfitt ; Thomas Eceles and Henry Waller were stone masons ; John Clark and Robert Johnson were the tailors ; Richard Douglas provided for the inner man with groceries and James Leng made the coffins. The total population was 260.

In 1837 we find Mr. Medd Scarth bringing Carlton into fame because of a wonderful shorthorn heifer he fed. Tweddell tells us in his ill-fated "*History of Cleveland*" that "from the age of six months to that of three years and five months its only food was grass and hay. In June, 1837, this wonderful animal was then four years and seven months old, and weighed one ton, seven hundred weight and five stones. In the year 1839—when she was publicly exhibited in various parts of England (the charges for admission

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\* The Blackwell Ox was bred by Mr. Hollon of Blackwell, and was of a famous strain. Mr. W. Scarth Dixon tells me it was killed at Darlington, 17th December, 1779, weighed 151 st. 10 lbs. Its progenitors had been in Mr. Hollon's family for 135 years.

being a shilling each for ladies and gentlemen and six-pence each for labourers and children)—the proprietor published a challenge to "any gentlemen, for two hundred guineas to show a heifer of the same weight and quality. She was six feet at the rump and five feet ten inches and a half at the shoulders, measured eleven feet three inches from nose to rump and was ten feet eleven inches in girth round the widest part of the body. Yorkshire Rose was slaughtered in Leeds for Christmas beef about the year 1840."

The Searths have long been yeomen at Carlton and are a younger branch of an old Cleveland family ever famed as agriculturalists and sportsmen. Mr. William Searth of Carlton Grove, is the head of this branch of the family to-day and upholds all its traditions. He is a well-known hunting man as well as a breeder of hunters, many of which have been very successful in the show ring. He is frequently called upon to judge at the light horses at Northern Shows and his dry humour makes him popular every where. He is one of the churchwardens of his parish.

It is the trivialities which make history so we must place on record from "*The Cleveland Repertory*," that on July 4th, 1843, Mrs. Richard Ramsdale, of Carlton, was delivered of triplets after having had twins the previous year."

Another event connected with Carlton deserves mention.

Dec. 7th, 1848 "The Cleveland Hounds have had many marvellous runs, but perhaps the most extraordinary was with the white fox of the 7th Dec., 1848, when they ran him through at least a dozen parishes

and killed him at Carlton-in-Cleveland, after a run of three hours and a half without a check. Not one of the field saw the finish. The huntsman and one or two of the others struggled on the line till they came up with the hounds—so distressed—that after killing their fox, they laid down around him. There was uncontestable proof that they had not changed: for there lay the white fox, and to this day his head may be seen in Kirkleatham Hall\*\*

White foxes and white hares are somewhat of a *rara avis*. The subject was treated upon in "England's Oldest Hunt," by the present author, but it might be added that last season (1911-12) a fox, described as white, but probably an albino, was hunted in the Quorn country.

In recent years a pure white fox was killed at Wentworth, one in Essex, and two in Somerset. In addition to the white fox killed at Carlton the Cleveland hunt have a song commemorating a wonderful white fox, which on the day it was killed, took hounds and field through thirty parishes. Sir A. E. Pease, speaking of this fox said: "He was a game and gallant fellow; one that braved the battle and the breeze for many a season."

There are still a few hunting with the York and Ainsty Hounds who will remember the very light-coloured litter at Thorpe Green during the mastership of the ill-fated Sir Charles Slingsby. Colonel R. F. Meysey-Thompson, who hunted with Sir Charles, and was one of those who played such a prominent part in the never-to-be-forgotten ferry disaster on the Ure, when the M.F.H. and some other good Yorkshire sportsmen met their death, says regarding this breed:

"Some of the other cubs had more than a usual amount of white, but this one, a short distance off, looked perfectly snow-white. Sir Charles liked it being about, and would never hunt it if he knew we were in pursuit of it: but on one occasion the hounds ran it hard down the whole length of the long wood at Kirby Hall.

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\* Baily's Magazine, March, 1872.

and it was not known at first that it was the white fox they were after. On reaching the end of the covert in the park the fox was headed, and went straight back through the park, but though there was an excellent scent, not a hound seemed to recognise that it was a fox, or made an effort to catch it. The moment it had passed, and the effluvia reached their nostrils, they started off again in pursuit as eagerly as ever. They were speedily stopped, however, and the fox allowed to escape."

In 1863 there was interred in the churchyard the body of William Johnson, son of Robert and Mary Johnson, of Busby, the stone above whose grave records that he was murdered on the 19th day of October, 1863, aged 32 years. The following verses also appear :—

Regret not my untimely end,  
 Dear friends, tho' grieved you'd be,  
 My Saviour's love would me befrend  
 As death took hold on me.  
 Man's guilt and crime  
 Tho' screened a time,  
 Good Lord 'tis known to thee.  
 Strangers we here record our grief  
 Our loss we do deplore.  
 His friendly heart gave each relief  
 His kindness beams no more.

William was returning from Stokesley market with a companion. According to tradition they were both "market fresh," or "market merry," and a quarrel ensued during which Johnson was struck down. The guilty party was imprisoned for manslaughter. On his release (the writer is told) he "e'n'dn't rest, neet nor daay; his hair went ez white ez a sheet an' he pined away an' deed."

The next two items of local history are from the parish magazine and from the pen of the Vicar :—

July, 1902 : Under the New Act Mrs. Reeve (the owner of the school) has let the school to Mr. Gjers, Busby Hall, and the Rev. J. L. Kyle. By the terms of the lease the Vicar of the Parish is ex-officio Chairman of the School meeting. Seeing, however, cases of Passive Resisters, and that the Church should not in any way be said to claim any undue influence, the Vicar thought it best to waive this clause and let the meeting chose their own chairman. Every provision will be made for other Ministers should they wish to teach children who belong to any other denomination. The Church of England in the past has made great sacrifice to hold her schools and teach "the Faith of Our Fathers, and she only wants justice and no more to-day." It is interesting to note that at the very outset of the Education question Mr. Kyle solved the difficulties so far as his own parish was concerned, by a suggestion practically anticipatory of that urged by the Archbishop of York in the *Diocesan Gazette*, February, 1912. Herein his Grace said :—

"I am asked by the Diocesan Education Association to call the attention of Managers of our Church Schools to the question of offering facilities to Non-conformist parents in single school areas for the instruction of their children with their own special religious-tenets."

To revert for a moment it may be noted for the benefit of future generations, that at one time the School was taught by the Vicar of the parish (Rev. T. Brown), and from this fact we infer that he had a legal right which was claimed by the next Vicar (Rev. G. Sanger). Owing, however, to the burning

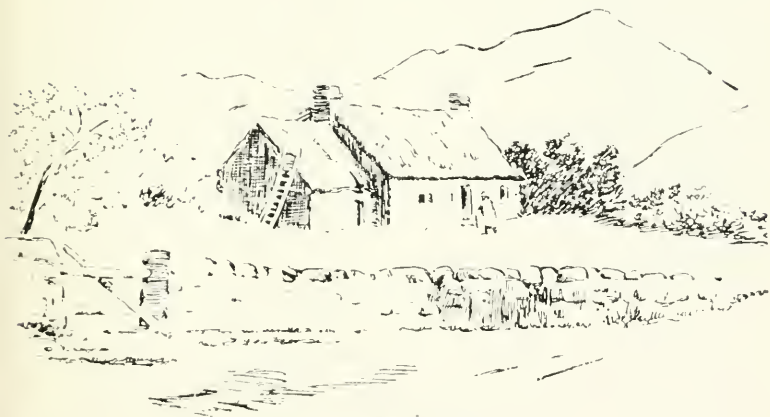
of the Church and the contents of the safe, many of the old deeds were destroyed. Friction arose between Mr. Sanger and his parishioners, and after the burning of the Church funds were raised for enlarging the schools on the condition that the vicar did not enter it—this being from personal reasons which only applied to himself. On the present vicar taking charge of the parish, these conditions of exclusion still obtained. In time, however, a vacancy occurred on the Committee, and Mr. Kyle was appointed, but it was still mercenarily held “it waddn’t pay to hev religious eddication in t’ scheel, coz there’s neeca grant fer it.” So Mr. Kyle had not yet the *entre*. When the late Mr. William Scarth in 1900, resigned the chairmanship of the school managers, and position of correspondent, none of the remainder would consent to act, the office being purely honorary and having some little out-of-pocket expenses attached to it. Writing in his parish Magazine Mr. Kyle repeated :

By the terms of the lease the vicar of the parish is ex-officio chairman of the school meeting. Seeing, however, cases of Passive Resisters, and that the Church should not in any way be said to claim undue influence, the vicar thought it best to waive this clause and let the meeting choose their own chairman. Mr. Leng (Wesleyan) proposed the vicar be appointed chairman, and this proposition was seconded by Mr. Middleton and carried unanimously. *Every provision will be made for other Ministers should they wish to teach the children who belong to any other denomination. The Church of England in the past has made great sacrifices to hold her schools and teach the “Faith of our Fathers,” and she only wants justice and no more to-day.*

This, mark you, was in 1903, when no one else seemed to see a way out of the difficulty. As has been said Non-conformity did not want to be bothered to teach its children of its followers. The Vicar offered to give breakfast to any Non conformist ministers who cared to come but none were sufficiently interested to accept either "the open door" or the breakfast.

In 1907, Mr. Kyle built a residence, kennels, feed house and stables for Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes, who had been elected master of the Bilsdale Hounds (now mastered by Mrs. Kyle's brother, Mr. F. Wilson Horsfall, J.P., of Potto Grange). There was great discussion as to what the house should be called and Fox Lodge, Fox Catcher's Hall and so forth were in turn suggested. Eventually Handley Cross (the name, of course, of Mr. Jorrock's famous Hunt) was decided upon, and Mr. Lowndes was duly installed. The opening meet of the pack under the new master (who now presides over the East Kent) was at Carlton when a large number turned out to see the Bilsdale, which up to then had only been a name to them. Handley Cross is built in Elizabethan style, and is a distinct ornament to the approach of the village from Stokesley and from Sexhow Station. After three years it knew hounds no more, but during those three years Mr. Kyle did more for the Bilsdale Hunt than most people imagine. He is now on the committee of the Hunt, and is more than delighted when hounds find on his moor at Hall Garth, whilst his two eldest daughters have followed the pack from very early days. Miss Susan Kyle some seasons ago received her first brush from her uncle, who, by the way, is famed the world over as

one of the greatest authorities on the Cleveland Bay and Yorkshire Coach Horse, for both of which breeds he has done much. A few years ago he won almost all before him in the show ring, and the descendants of his Lady Salton are much prized in Africa and America whither he has sent scores of horses.



Moorland Cottage, Ralsdale



### CHAPTER III.

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## THE MARWOODS AND GJERS OF BUSBY HALL

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MANY OTHER WORKS OF CHARITIE, WHEREOF NO  
MENTION HERE.

TRUE TOKENS OF THEIR BOUNTIE IN THIS PARISH  
DOE APPEAR.



### CHAPTER III.

The Marwood family are inseparably connected with the history of the village of Carlton. The family seat, Busby Hall, stands beautifully under the shelter of hill and wood, just on the confines of the village. Though actually in Stokesley parish the dependants of the Hall have ever lived at Carlton, and the Marwood family have used the Church here and entered into the lives of the villagers as only the old time squirearchy—alas! so fast becoming extinct—were sufficiently tactful and sympathetic to do. It was to such a family Washington Irving referred when he wrote :—\*

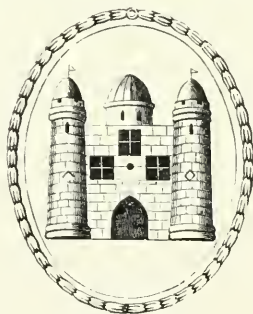
“There are some traits about the Squire’s family which appear to me to be national. It is one of those old aristocratical families, who, I believe, are peculiar to England, and scarcely understood in other countries; that is to say, families of the ancient gentry, who, though destitute of titled rank, maintain a high ancestral pride; who look down upon all nobility of recent creation, and would consider it a sacrifice of dignity to merge the venerable name of their house in a modern title. This feeling is very much fostered by the importance which they enjoy on their hereditary domains. The family manor is an old house standing in a retired and beautiful part of Yorkshire. Its inhabitants have always been regarded through the surrounding country as “the great ones of the earth,” and the little village near the hall looks up to the squire with almost feudal homage.”

The Marwoods have been long settled at Busby. So early as 1651, George Marwood was High Sheriff of Yorkshire and was created a baronet, the title becoming extinct after four generations. Carlton, Stokesley, Ayton and other Cleveland parishes have for

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\* See “*Bracebridge Hall*.”

generations benefited by the generosity of the ancient family, which, as one would imagine, is not innocent of romance and legend. The Marwoods were lords of the Wapentake of Langbarugh, and thereby claimed not a few privileges, including the power over life and death, the rights of wreckage on the coast\* and so forth. Regarding the Wapentake, it is interesting to note that the division between Langbarugh East and West takes place at the Northern extremity of the parish of Ayton, where the highway from Stokesley to Guisborough passes the ridge formed by the great basaltic dyke. The Wapentake Court was for many years opened there in the open air, and then adjourned to an inn at Ayton, where constables were sworn in. Graves gives a wood cut of the Seal of the Gate of Langbarugh, and says:—



Langbarugh Seal.

“There was anciently a prison belonging to the Lords of the Wapentake, for the confinement of malefactors, which, it is conjectured, was a part of the building represented in the seal; as also a room in which the Wapentake Courts were held.”

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\* The late Mr. Marwood, to uphold his rights, actually claimed a wreck some years ago near Staithes, and sold it, but gave the proceeds to the owners.

In March, 1841, there was a curious law-suit\* tried at York between the Rev. George Marwood and the Earl of Harewood and others. It arose in this way. In 1207 King John had granted to Peter de Brus, for a substantial consideration, the Wapentake of Langbarugh with its appurtenances. There was, however, no definition of the latter very comprehensive term, but neither was there limitation and the successive owners of the franchise developed it not a little so that when in the reign of James I the crown lawyers combatted certain rights, they were unsuccessful. By hereditary right the grant eventually came to the Rev. George Marwood of Busby Hall, and he endeavoured to make it include to the grantee "the Crown's undoubted property in so much of the soil of the Wapentake as was covered at high water by ordinary spring tides, and therefore that when from any cause the tide ceased to flow over any portion of it, which thereby became reclaimed land, such land belonged to him as Lord of the Wapentake and not to the owner of the adjoining ancient lands. Now when the Tees Navigation Company cut the new channel in 1810, they did not close the old one, and the tide continued to flow through it until, in 1829, the operations of the Stockton and Darlington Railway Co., closed it at one end, and so much of the old channel as adjoined Lord Harewood's land gradually dried. By the time of the trial, it had become perfectly dry and Lord Harewood's tenant had occupied it. Mr. Marwood now set up a claim to the Yorkshire half of it, for the Wapentake only extended to midstream: all beyond that belonged to the County of Durham, and therefore to the Bishop as Prince Palatine. He failed, however,

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\* See Printed Report of the Trial, and Mr. R. L. Kirby's "Ancient Middlesbrough."

to establish his claim, though the judge in his summing up said: "It appears to me that it is shown Mr Marwood has in him the rights, whatever they were, that belonged to the person he is lineally descended from. No question has been made on the part of the defendants about that, and, therefore, I will not trouble you with the deed, . . . which only went to show steps in the pedigree, and to identify the Rev. Mr. Marwood of the reign of Queen Victoria, with the Lord de Bruce of the reign of King John. We will take it that if Lord de Bruce had lived until this time he would have stood in Mr. Marwood's situation."

Another privilege the Marwood's claimed was that of shooting from Livemoor to Whitby and the late Mr. Marwood was wont to go on to certain moors each year and kill a brace or two of birds to uphold the right be it real or imaginary.

This reminds me that Mr. J. A. Mello, who used to rent the Carlton shooting, told me of an interesting custom in connection with the disputed moor, which used to be observed every 12th August a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Joshua Reeve used to take out a game license for John Thompson (a tenant of his, who had a small farm on the Stokesley and Swainby road), and John used to wend his way to the disputed moor and there meet Grant (sent by the Marquess of Aylesbury) at one of the boundary stones. Thompson, with tremendous importance used to then repeat the annual "warning off" formula in words to the following effect:—"As the representative of Joshua Reeve, Esq., of Carlton House and Southampton, I discharge you,

as representing the Marquess of Aylesbury, from this moor." Then Grant reiterated with no less grandiloquence: "As the representative of My Lord Marquess of Aylesbury I discharge you, as representing Mr. Joshua Reeve, from this moor." The twain then lighted their pipes and walked over to another point where they met the late Richard Noble, the Earl of Feversham's Bilsdale keeper. So soon as they had saluted one another, Richard warned them both off on behalf of the Earl of Feversham. Each year this proceeding was followed in detail. When Mr. Mello had the shooting he used to shoot on the disputed moor regularly as did the late Arnel Barnard when he was keeper for the gentleman who had the shooting taken from the late Mr. Reeve.

As lords of the liberty of Langbarugh the Marwoods had the appointing of a coroner for the division. The following\* dates and appointments may be interesting *en passant* :—

| Date.           | Persons Appointing.    | Persons appointed. |
|-----------------|------------------------|--------------------|
| 1st July 1713   | Sir Hy. Marwood, Bart. | James Rowth.       |
| 22nd Sept. 1759 | Mrs. Jane Turner       | Thomas Milburn.    |
| 9th July 1791   | William Marwood, Esq.  | Thomas Smith       |
| 7th Oct. 1815   | Rev. Geo. Marwood      | Geo. Bigham        |
| 15th June 1831  | Rev. Geo. Marwood      | John Page Sowerby  |
| 12th June 1858  | George Marwood, Esq.   | James C. Sowerby   |

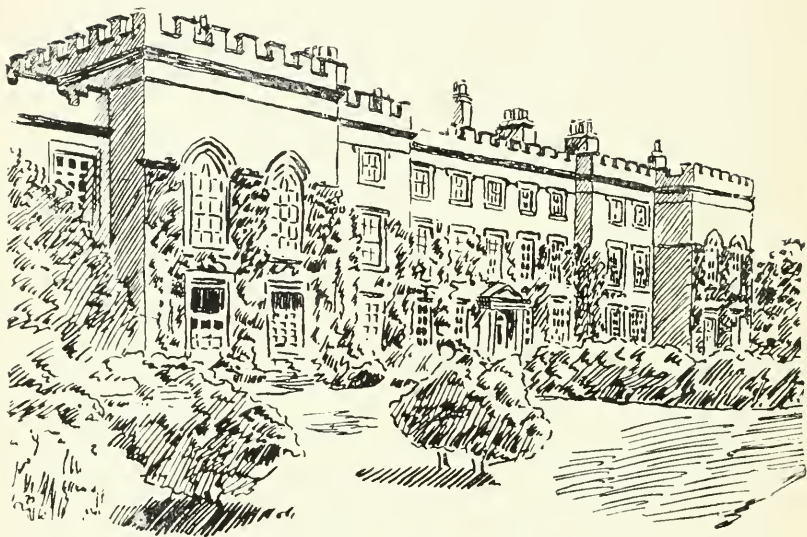
In all old families love is frequently responsible for its very antithesis. So is it in Marwoodian history, as witness the result of the marriage† of the daughter of the heiress of the Busby estates. "The wedding breakfast was probably spread at Lady Ann Hustler's hospitable table, when "Phillipus William Casmier

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\* See Tweddell's (unfinished) "History of Cleveland."

† See Mr. R. L. Kirby's "Ancient Middlesbrough."

van Straubenzie, married Lady Ann's cousin's daughter. Jane Turner, of Kirkleatham, 8th March, 1745. "It was a runaway wedding and a very sad one. Old



Kirkleatham Hall: The Home of the Turners.

Hutton, the Birmingham antiquary, tells Jane Turner's story in his *Trip to Coatham*. Her mother, the heiress of the Marwoods, and widow of Cholmley Turner of Kirkleatham, lived at Busby Hall, near Stokesley, and had an ample estate in her own right. She had but this one daughter living, whom, Hutton said, "She tortured for her amusement." The young lady must have been attractive, for she had several very eligible offers of marriage, "but her mother would not suffer it." Her marriage to the Dutch officer, one of the foreigners brought over by our Hanoverian King to suppress Prince Charles, exasperated the old lady,

and, in after days, she would only admit her two boys to her deceitful favour on the condition that they should never see their mother. Having thus separated them, she in the end left her estate to a distant relative under a most stringent settlement to prevent the possibility of it ever coming to her own descendants. Hutton adds, that "the poor lady who was the victim of such heartless malice had not an enemy except her own mother, and we need not wonder that having married a penniless soldier anxiety shortened her days." It was by her disinheritance that the Metcalfes became Marwoods of Busby.

The Straubenziez held high rank in the Netherlands, being, as the prefix "van" indicates, of noble descent. There were three children of the marriage, the first died and Marwood Turner Straubenzic succeeded his father in 1765. He entered the service in the 3rd Guards, served in the American War and was also in India. He was also Lieut.-Col. of the 52nd Foot. Later he became a magistrate, and in 1791, D.L. for the North Riding, of which he was subsequently appointed vice-lieutenant. He was Colonel of the Loyal Dales volunteers and afterwards of the 1st North Yorkshire local militia and died in 1823, being succeeded by his grand-nephew, Henry van Straubenzic.

In February 1764, the following appeared in "The York Courant":—

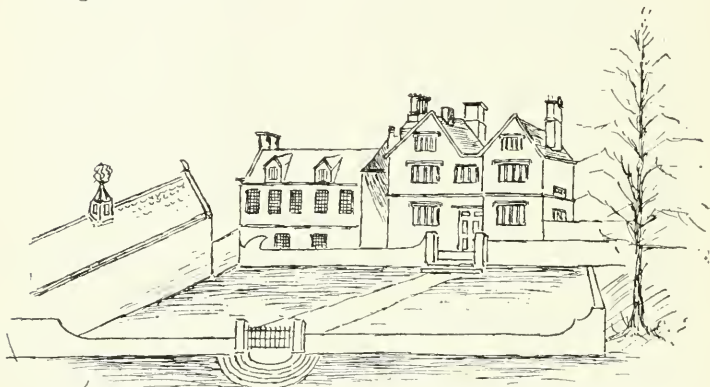
York, February 21st—"Last Tuesday, a fire broke out at Busby Hall,\* near Stokesley-in-Cleveland, the seat of Mrs. Turner, which entirely consumed the old building, with most of the furniture, but happily no lives were lost, and the iron chest,

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\*The illustration on next page shows Busby Hall in 1718. It is a sketch (kindly copied by Rev. J. C. Fowler) by John Warburton, F.R.S., Somerset Herald, who sketched many Yorkshire Halls in outline. See Landsowne MSS. (Yorks.) British Museum.

with the writing and money, were saved. The new building was also saved by the wind driving the flames from it."

Tradition has it that Madame Turner ordered out her carriage to drive away from the fire and danger, but the horses refused to move forward and tried to back her into the flames, which was locally thought to be "a judgment" upon her for her cruelty to her daughter.



*The West Prospect of Little Busby The Seat of S. Hen. Marwood Bart.*

It is not surprising that Madame Turner's spirit was unable to rest after her ill-spent life. According to local tradition, most firmly adhered to, Madame Turner's uneasy spirit wanders abroad, in her habit as she lived—a grande dame of eighty or a hundred years ago, garbed in dove-coloured silk. She was the chatelaine of Busby Hall, and there her portrait hangs to-day. It is in the style of Sir Godfrey Kneller, who was born in 1648, appointed court painter to Charles II in 1680, knighted by William II in 1692 made a baronet by George I, in 1715, and died in 1723. Mr. Wontner, the well-known artist, says: "I don't know that the picture is by him, but it must have been

painted during the time he was famous, as the costume and style of painting are both so like his work."

Since her death the unrestful spirit of Madame has made periodical pilgrimages to the Hall and to the old coach road regularly employed in her day, but now no longer used.

A few years ago Mr. Barratt, then residing at Busby Hall, was aroused at dead of night by sounds which suggested burglars, and going downstairs he discovered the immaterial Madame drinking hypothetical tea in the kitchen—a most unlikely thing for her to do, unless that apartment was formerly devoted to uses higher in the social scale. Mr. Barratt did not stay to hold parley with the lady, and so an interesting opportunity of psychical research was lost. An old lady now living at Carlton, who was a servant at the Hall fifty years ago, recalled that once one of the girls declared she had seen Madame Turner in a long dark corridor, but, said the old lady, "I have been about the Hall at all times of night and never seen anything" Some four or five years ago Carlton was all agog with reports to the effect that "Awd Madame Turner" had been seen again and for some nights ghost hunting parties lay in wait about the old coach road. A local farmer was driving from Stokesley to Carlton with the son and daughter of the landlord of one of the two village inns, when, as they were passing the end of Busby-lane, they saw a white form approaching.

"It wer gittin' dark," he said, "an' Ah could see ther wer summat white walking steadily, an' slowly up t'awd rooad an' Ah remembered at yance aboot t' sperritt 'at haunts t' hall, bud it nivver offered ta mell (harm) o' me."

The Marwoods have for long owned land in the parish of Great Ayton and also the tithes, which, though formerly belonging to the parish, got into the hands of the Abbey at Whitby in the 14th century and into lay hands at the Abbey's dissolution in the reign of Henry VIII. The holding of the tithes carried with it the nomination of a perpetual curacy for Ayton. The late Mr. George Marwood, who died in 1882, feeling that he ought to do something for the place as he took the tithes from it every year, built the Marwood Schools, and until his death paid all that was needed to keep them going. At his death his successors have let the Vicar and managers have the schools at a nominal rent in order to carry them on as Church Schools.

Since Easby has been placed in Ayton parish, the patronage of the living has been vested in Mr. Marwood, and the Archbishop of York alternately. It was in 1851 that the late Mr. George Marwood built the schools bearing his name, and in the same year he was responsible for the renovation of the old Church. In 1856, he gave a new organ (now doing duty in Carlton Church), which, according to a note on musical



Ayton Old Church as restored by the Marwoods

evolution appearing in the Ayton Parish Magazine some years ago, was much needed. Witness the following—

John Longstaff, clerk used to give out each verse of hymns. The band and choir were placed in the west gallery of the old church, and when the singing began the congregation rose and turned to the west.

One day the clerk gave out a hymn and started it, but alas! he pitched it too high, and so had to make a fresh start. Again it was too high, so he gave out to the congregation "Wa can't mannish it," and the service proceeded. I think this incident must have happened before the introduction of the musical instruments. I relate the story, however, as it was told to me by old Mrs. Longstaff.

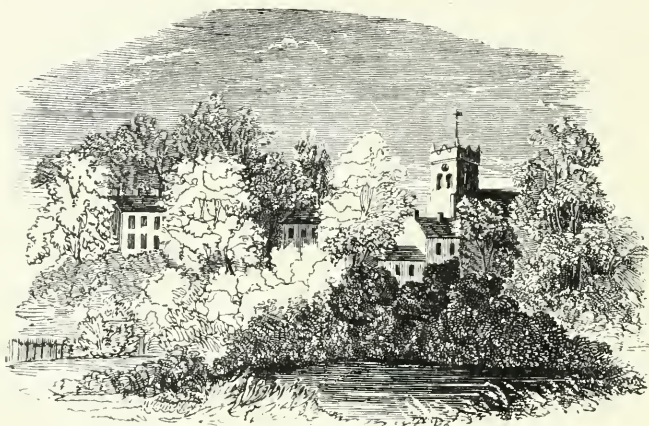
John Rigg, of Manchester, gave the first organ erected in Great Ayton Church in the year 1840. This instrument was designed to play certain tunes, which were turned out by means of a handle. The Vicar, Rev. J. Ibbetson, considered the tunes too lively, so he had a new set put in. The present organ was given by the late Mr. Marwood, of Busby, in 1856.

The east window in the new church at Ayton is in memory of the Marwood family, who have ever been such benefactors to the ecclesiastical and educational life of the Parish. So early as February 3rd, 1540. "William Marwood, of the parish of Aiton-in-Clyve-land," made his will, "giving his soul to God Almighty and the Saints, and his body to be buried in the Church of the Hallows of Aiton before the image of Our Lady on the North side of the Church." In Stokesley Church too, one finds a tablet to the memory of Sir Henry Marwood, Bart, who died Nov. 1st, 1725, and to his daughter, who died 1764.\*

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\* "Near this place lieth the body of Sir Henry Marwood, of Little Busby, who departed this life, in November, 1725, aged —; and, also, the body of Mrs. Jane Turner, relict of Cholmley Turner, of Kirkleatham, Esquire, grand-daughter and heiress of the said Sir Henry Marwood, and died the 10th of April, 1764, aged Seventy."

Mr. W. H. Burnett, an old Cleveland, and native of Stokesley, writes to me : " Mr. G. Marwood I knew well. He used to come to our shop for his stationery. He had a kind face, the face of an English gentleman, one of the olden time, and possessed



Stokesley Church (where the Marwood Monuments are to be seen).

a stately presence. He married into the Peel family, a lovely woman much his junior. I had to wait upon her at times in her carriage when she came to shop at Stokesley; she never got out. Her beauty used to awe me. Her golden flaxen hair was all one mass of short curls, and she was very fair, with beautiful regular features—a picture in fact. In Mr. Marwood's time there was a glass of beer and cheese and bread for all callers at the hall: I have had it myself."

No less beloved seems to have been his son, the late Mr. Geo. Marwood, who succeeded him, and who died on May 22nd, 1898. The Vicar of Carlton wrote regarding him in his parish magazine :—

You have remembered him from boyhood, and deservedly loved him. You always saw the perfect gentleman uppermost in all his transactions. The generosity of the father and the beauty of the mother's Godly life, could not help making itself felt in the kindly and generous son. We all wished that which was mortal of Mr. George Marwood, had been laid to rest in the beautiful churchyard near to the new church to which he most generously gave and of the funds of which he was one of the trustees.

The chapter on the ecclesiastical history of Carlton will provide much evidence of the generosity and interest of the Marwood family in, and towards, the parish.

It may be interesting here to show the genealogical tree of the ancient Cleveland house from the time it merged into the Metcalfes.\*

Thomas Metcalfe M.A. of Narbrough, co. Leicester, baptised at Bossall, March, 1706, rector of Kirby-over-Blows, co. York, died 19th February, 1774 and buried at Stokesley. He married 1741 Anne daughter of William Smelt, Esq., of Kirby Fleetham and Leases, co. York. She died 10th February, 1804, aged 87 having issue.

William, afterwards of Little Busby Hall, which estate of Little Busby he took under the will of his cousin Jane Turner, widow, and in compliance therewith took the surname and arms (Gules a chevron ermine between three goats' heads, erased argent Crest : A Goat's head erased argent) of Marwood by Act of Parliament, 5 George III; died without issue 3rd February 1809. He married Mary, daughter of Christopher Goulton, Esq., of Beverley, who died 8th April, 1807, aged 63, buried in the east end of York Minster.

II George.

III Cornelius.

IV Francis, in holy orders, married Harriet, daughter of John Clough, York, Esq., of Rudston, co. York, and had seven sons and three daughters.

V. VI. VII., Thomas, John, Leonard, died young.

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\* See Ingledew's "History of Northallerton."

1. Henrietta, died young.
2. Dorothy, died unmarried.
3. Elizabeth, died young.

George Metcalfe, M.A., Canon residentiary of Chichester, succeeded his brother William in the estates of Little Busby, and took the surname and arms of Marwood; died 1st Dec., 1827, buried in Stokesley Church. He married in 1780, 1st May, daughter of Francis Pearson, of Beverley, Esq., and by her had issue:

- I. George.
- II. William, died young.
- III. Thomas, in holy orders, died unmarried in 1832 at English Bicknor, co. Gloucester.
- IV. V. Henry, Charles, died young.
- VI. Frederick, barrister-at-law, died unmarried, in 1824 at Amport.

1. 2. 3. Mary Anne, Louisa, Henrietta, died young.

4. Margaret, married the Rev. Charles Hutchinson of Firle, co. Sussex and had issue:

1. Charles Henry. He married 2ndly Miss Lucy Dodgson, and by her had issue:

- I. Mary Ann, married to W. Wilcox, Esq.

George Marwood, M.A., Vicar of Amport, co. Southampton, born 29th June, 1781, died January 9th, 1842, buried in Stokesley Church. He married 1st August, 1804, Mary, daughter of John Quantock, Esq., of Chichester, who died 23rd May, 1838, leaving issue.

- I. George.
1. Mary.
2. Emily, died young.
3. Margaret, married Capt. Colson Festing, R.N.
4. Fanny, died young.
5. Anne Frederica, married the Rev. Bowick Scougall.

George Marwood, Esq., J.P., of Busby Hall, born 31st December, 1808, married Francis Anne, daughter of the Rev. Frederick Peel, M.A., Canon of Lincoln, and cousin to the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart, M.P. by whom he had issue:

George Frederick Marwood, born April 8th, 1858, died May 23rd, 1898, succeeded by his brother William Francis Marwood (born February 1st, 1861), the present owner of Busby Hall.

The present occupants of Busby Hall are Mr. & Mrs. L. F. Gjers, who have done much to improve it and make it one of the most up-to-date country residences in Cleveland, containing some of the most valuable modern art treasures in the Vale, including pictures by Herbert Draper, Blair Leighton, B. W. Leader, Hon. John Collier, W. Wontner, Yeand King, Somerscales, Herbert Schmalz, etc.\* The Busby Hall\* of to-day is a Georgian House, facing on the West an open park without any intervening garden, as do so many Georgian houses all over England. This suggests that hunting was the one important occupation of the inmates at that epoch. The hall, I think, must have been put into its present state during the latter half



Busby Hall.

\* The following information regarding Busby Hall is kindly supplied by Mr. Wontner, the well-known artist.

of the 18th century, but there are traces of its being an older house, these being chiefly visible in the entrance hall and the bedrooms over it and on the East side, where there are remains of a porch and wall with buttress which looks older than the rest of the house, and might be very late 17th century work. The cellar beneath the house also seems to be very old. There is a room over the entrance hall which is said to be haunted by the spirit of Madame Turner, and this is the least altered of all the original rooms. The garden on the East side of the house has many fine trees in it, especially a magnificent Spanish chestnut, said to be the largest in England. It covers a quarter of an acre, and measures 20 feet round the trunk, and is said to be about 260 years old. There is also a well grown Wellingtonia about 60 years old and several fine Araucarias. There is a fine old stone and brick wall round the kitchen garden, which looks almost as old as the house." The beneficence of Mr. and Mrs. Gjers has been unbounded and one of the greatest objects in their lives seems to be to give pleasure to others and to promote the weal of the village. Perhaps one of the most evident monuments to their interest in Carlton and in their employees is the most picturesque group of houses and the laundry, standing off the highway from Carlton to Faceby and near the entrance gates to the Hall. This approach to the village has been immensely improved by this tiny garden city.

The name of Gjers is written large in the history of the development of Tees-side\* as well as in the later day development of Carlton. It is interesting to note that Mr. Gjers' father was born in Gothenburg of an old and highly respected family. Here he began life in the

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\* See "Pioneers of the Cleveland Iron Trade."

engineering world and was afforded ample opportunity for combining the practice of his art with its scientific principles. In 1851, on the occasion of the first international exhibition held in England, he came over and decided there was more scope for his profession in this country than in Sweden, so remained, spending three years as engineering draughtsman in various parts of Yorkshire and Lancashire. In 1854 he came to Middlesbrough to take up an important position at the Ormesby Works, where he assisted Mr. Edwin Jones to build the original Ormesby blast furnaces. His services were also requisitioned by Mr. Henry Cochrane, who was then building the large pipe foundry at Ormesby, at the time of its completion the largest pipe foundry in Great Britain. Mr. Gjers was then only twenty four years old, but had made his name and fame, and on the retirement of Mr. Edwin Jones he became manager of the Ormesby Works, a responsible position he filled till 1861. It was under his supervision that the first of Siemen's & Cowpers newly patented heating stoves were introduced into Cleveland. In "Pioneers of the Cleveland Iron Trade" it is recorded:— "Mr. Gjers did not go into this matter of his own accord. It is to Mr. Charles Cochrane that the application of these stoves—the Ormesby furnaces are entirely due. They were very crude and complicated in design and action, and Mr. Gjers was so impressed with their imperfections (and their better performance in later years have not altogether removed his first impression) that he ultimately resigned the management. This he did without any unpleasantness on either side. It was during his connection with the Ormesby Works that Mr. Gjers patented his invention for super heating the blast

and for heated air engines. In the beginning of 1862, Mr. Gjers was appointed manager for Messrs. Hopkins & Company, at the Tees-side Ironworks, and in 1864 designed and carried out the erection of a new blast furnace plant, adjacent to the works. About that time more decided advances began to be made in the way of enlarging the size of the blast furnaces of Cleveland. There was, however, no experience to guide the now master in determining the most advantageous limit of height and capacity. With characteristic caution, Mr. Gjers determined to erect the furnaces, which have since been named the Linthorpe Iron Works. These works, however, mark an era when greatly improved furnaces began to be built in Cleveland. In 1866, Messrs. Hopkins, Gilkes & Company decided to erect a new blast furnace plant, and Mr. Gjers was entrusted with the preparation of the plans. In the following year two more furnaces of a still larger size were added to the Linthorpe Works and put into blast towards the end of 1870. The occasion was marked by a banquet at which most of the Cleveland ironmasters were present. Mr. Thomas Vaughan, in proposing the health of the engineer, said that "they ought to be proud of a man who possessed such rare engineering ability." No one did more to solve the problem of making Cleveland Steel than the late Mr. Gjers, who in 1868 took out a patent for a new process, discovered after many experiments, for the manufacture of steel rails from the iron of the district. The late Mr. Gjers undertook the designing and carrying out of several important works in Cleveland and much further afield, and was the first Cleveland engineer to obtain a footing in the Lincolnshire iron district. On January 15th,

1870. he began the erection of the Ayresome Ironworks, though his professional connection with Messrs. Hopkins, Gilkes & Co. and Messrs. Lloyd & Co. did not cease till the following year. He then became senior partner of the firm of Gjers, Mills & Co., a position held to-day by his son Mr. L. F. Gjers.

It was at the coming of age celebrations of Mr. Gjers' eldest son, in July, 1910, that Carlton distinguished itself by offering up an ox in honour of the occasion.

Writing to the author regarding the great event the Vicar said :—

We had a right royal time here during the festivities in honour of Mr. John Gjers' coming of age. They have been right down kind to me, and saw me through



Ox Roasting in honour of Mr. John Gjers' coming of age.

the paying for the church bells. I resolved as a small return to roast an ox, and we have done it to a turn—simply delicious. I felt very nervous over it, as on making enquiries I found they failed at one or two Northern towns, but the Thornaby-on-Tees bullock was a success, and luckily I got hold of the man who did it—an old soldier\*. We feasted nearly 1,000. It would have done your heart good to see Franky Grainger and all his fellow horse-coping fraternity, and I must say it was very delightful to me to see all these and my other friends of this Stokesley tribe present—and didn't they "tuck in." What I do admire about Mr. Gjers is he has been so good to the Church, and his son, whose coming of age we have been celebrating, is one of the best of fellows."

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\* Mr. Kyle was staying at Filey during the Coronation festivities and his previous experience in bullock roasting made him invaluable to the Filonians. He was on this occasion, what we call in Yorkshire "yan o' t' main men" and after the "ceremony" received an eloquent letter of thanks from the Coronation Committee at Filey. An article appeared in the *Yorkshire Post* describing the Filey bullock roasting and during the course of it the writer said that the advice from Carlton-in-Cleveland's Vicar was to "keep the cook on milk and soda water, at any rate till his work was over."

## CHAPTER IV.

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# THE MANOR HOUSE, OR OLD HALL

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### CONTENTS OF CHAPTER :

LEGENDS, TRADITIONS AND GHOSTS.

PREVIOUS INHABITANTS.

CARVING AND OBJECTS OF INTEREST.



## CHAPTER IV.

“The two principal houses in an English Village are the Manor House and the Rectory, wherein, according to the theories of the modern political socialist and agitator “the two arch-tyrants” of the labourers dwell, the squire and the parson. There is much of interest in the growth and evolution of the country house, which resulted in the construction of these old, pleasant, half-timbered granges and manor houses which form such beautiful features of our English Villages.—Rev. P. H. Ditchfield.”

One can hardly picture Carlton without its Manor House. Take away the old building and the village



The Manor House, or Old Hall.

would still be intensely picturesque, and exceedingly beautiful. Its situation, its artistic irregularity of building, its red roofed houses, its venerable trees, its background of hills and so forth, all make for this, but the picture would be incomplete without the old house now known as the Manor (locally t' Manner), where live the vicar and his family. Although what is now "t' hoos where t' parson lives" is called nothing else but "t' Manner," authorities tell us that it is reality the Old Hall. This seems all the more likely since Carlton was not originally a Manor.\* One well-known Yorkshire antiquary never addresses his letters to the Vicar of Carlton at the Manor House, but always at the Old Hall.



The Carlton Cedar Tree and Cedar Cottages.

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\* Manor is from "manerium" (Low L.), and the root is "manere," to remain or reside, signifying that the owner of lands resided thereon.

One of the oldest inhabitants of Carlton, now gathered to his fathers, used to tell a wonderful story, which was not his belief alone, to the effect that the charming old house, known to-day as The Manor, at one time stood on the opposite side of the road in an enclosure, still marked on two sides by a wall. There is ample evidence that a house of some considerable dimensions has stood on this site for the terrace is still extant, the orchard, the well, and the famous cedar tree,\* which stood in the grounds. Of the house itself not a vestige remains. If one looks around the village for signs of the stones thereof being used to build cottages or pig styes—as, to the lasting shame of Guisborough, was the case with the Abbey ruins there—none are forthcoming, so one has to fly to tradition for an explanation as to the demolition and disappearance of the old mansion which stood here.

Legend is not very original, and only supplies a story which has done duty for Kildale Church, for Danby,† for Gillamoor and a score of other places which could be mentioned. In all the cases cited, as in that of Carlton Manor House, evil or troublesome spirits became so insistent in their appearances that either the site of the house was changed to be rid of them or because the supernatural malcontents continually moved the stones during the course of building operation to some site they considered more suitable. The Carlton spirits did not move stones, but it is urged they made matters so warm that the occupants of the old house were compelled to leave and

\*There is a fine Cedar Tree at Stainton-in-Cleveland, on an eminence near the Churchyard. It measures 13ft 4in. in circumference. It was originally in the grounds of Thornton Hall, at one time the residence of the Pennymans. They (so says legend) dismantled the Manor and re-built it at Ormesby, where the ancient Yorkshire family are now located. Not only is the legend somewhat akin to that of the vanished Carlton Mansion but the Thornton Hall kitchen garden and grounds can likewise be traced.

†See "Forty years in a Moorland Parish."

eventually decided to change the site to that on which the Manor House now stands. So runs the story they had it dismantled in sections and carried stone by stone from one side of the road to the other. Only a keep-like tower or entrance gate was left standing and into this the homeless spirits fled. Graves gives



us a picture\* of the tower in his history (1806), as it was *when he began his work* years before. When it was at last dismantled for the purpose of building the present Cedar Cottages the then Carlton sexton's father saw the spectres gliding hither and thither, mourning over the ruins and searching for an abode of such antiquity as to be worthy of their abiding presence.

It is stated by much greater authorities than the author of this book, that the houses of country gentlefolk *were* occasionally removed from one site

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\* The picture of the tower here reproduced is taken from Graves. There is a legend that the Monks of St. Mary's Abbey, York, were sent here after cases of serious illness to recuperate, and lived in the old tower which was standing 80 years ago.

to another, because of apparitions, but it seems to me that if the inmates had a fear so strong of the supernatural, and a faith so great that to remove their home would rid them of the spirits, they would have found much greater comfort and had much more faith in the authorised service for the laying of evil spirits. We *do* know the Stokesley priest was more than once called upon to take asperges and censer to haunted houses and in the name of the Blessed Trinity, with a sprinkling of holy water as he named each of the Sacred Trio he said ' In the name of God, the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, I command you to return from whence you came and no more trouble this house nor those who dwell herein.' There was, of course, a properly prescribed prayer, in the *Ecclesia Anglicana* which will be found in the pre-reformation prayer book. An old man, who would have been much more than a centenarian had he been alive to-day, told me he was present on one of these spirit laying occasions when the ghost was "conjured into" a well\*. The room in which the apparition was most frequently seen was sprinkled with holy water† and all the approaches thereto censed by the priest attended by an acolyte, holding the holy water stoup and acting as boat-boy.

If the Old Hall or Manor House, *was* removed from the site opposite, and if the purpose was to be rid of the unwelcome ghostly visitors, the whole scheme was very unsuccessful for the Manor House is not without its own spectre to-day. Such a house would be incomplete without a spectral groaner, moonlight walker, chair rattler, or dignifiedly dumb spirit of some sort or other.

\* At the village of Carthorpe near Bedale.

† Johannes Belithus says that holy water is "very unpopular with the demons," whilst it used to be a common simile "I love him as the devil loves holy water."

That need is satisfied by the occasional appearance of the supernatural Miss Prissick, whose material form was known there in early Victorian days. Her family then lived at the Manor House, and Miss Prissick, a



The original Manor House (bearing date 1717) now standing as two cottages.

young and lovely girl, was sent to a convent in France to complete her education.

There, the story goes, she fell in love with an officer who was not her social equal. He bribed the girl's guardians to give her an opiate, and, under the influence of the drug, she was removed from the convent in a coffin as one dead. Her relatives at Carlton were informed of her death, and in due time they received the coffin, which was placed in the family vault, and

the girl was mourned by her family. The tradition continues that the twain were married and the coffin sent to England was, of course, merely to deceive the girl's kinsfolk.

In 1879, when the transepts of Carlton Church were being re-built, the family vault of the Prissicks was opened, and in the presence of several villagers, the coffin of Miss Prissick was found to contain not a body, but merely a quantity of shavings and sufficient lead to make it the weight of a human body.

The actual fate of the young lady is shrouded in mystery, but it is supposed that she was murdered, and that her body lying in a foreign land, her spirit revisits the scenes of her happy and innocent childhood.

So much for the story. As for the apparition, it has at least appeared, unless one Carltonian was deceived. The author was told that the astral body of Miss Prissick had been seen within this last decade, in the form of a young and beautiful maiden, walking from the Manor House down the Church path to the church, swinging her sun-bonnet in her hand.

At dusk one evening, my informant was looking over the churchyard wall from her own garden, when she saw a white form walking down the path. The figure was swinging one hand. She glanced away for a moment, and when she looked again the 'gooerst' had vanished, though she is quite sure no one passed out through the gate.

The parish register tells us little about the Prissicks (who also owned the Faceby estates), but I have copied such information as is there recorded. As

already stated they had a vault under the old Church, and when the present edifice was being built no representatives of the Prissicks could be discovered



A Vestibule at the Manor House, known as "The Monk's Lavatory."

either to give to the church or to give their consent to certain proposed encroachments upon the vault. The following extracts from the register show the family to have been of some consequence, though I can find nothing else regarding them :—

“ Captain Christopher Prissick died at London, Oct. ye 12th. 1718. was interred in ye chapel of Carlton, Nov. 5th. 1718.” It will be noted this was nearly a month afterwards, the journey from London in those days being long and tedious, and only to be undertaken by families of consequence and means.

In the following year on Dec. 24th, “ Mr. Christopher Prissick, son of the late Captain Prissick was interred in the chapel of Carlton.”

In 1723 Susanna Prissick was buried on January 13th and in December, 1725 a daughter of Christopher Prissick, Junr. was baptised, and in 1731, “ William, ye son of Mr. Codrington John Prissick was borne, between 3 and 4 o'clock in ye morning of ye 17th day of May, 1731,” and in the same year, “ John, the son of Christopher and Jane Prissick, was baptised August ye 22nd. Mr. John Prissick died the following year, and six days later, the very next entry records that “ Mr. William Gyles of London and Mrs. Anne Prissick of Carlton were married at Carlton by virtue of a license by Mr. Henry Bradley, Esq., of Yarm.”

Christopher was buried April 20th, 1732, and Elizabeth his wife, was buried May 10th of the same year, 1733 : Wm. the son of Codrington J. Prissick, Esq., was buried March ye 28th, 1733. Sarah the daughter of John Prissick, Esq., was born about eleven o'clock at night on ye fifth day of July and baptised August 2nd, 1733 and was buried August 22nd, 1733. 1735 Mary Prissick buried January 28th. March 27th same year Elizabeth Bate, the daughter of Codrington John Elizabeth Prissick, was baptised. 1736, Benjamin the son of Christopher Prissick was baptised March 7th. 1765 Mr. Edmund Prissick was

buried. 1772, May 28th Jane Prissick, widow, was buried. 1781 Ann Prissick, widow, was buried. This seems to be the end of the Prissicks who disappeared from register, record, legend and ken.

The following advertisement of the sale of the Manor of Carlton possibly resulted in the Reeve family coming into possession about a century ago. I discovered it amongst some old papers and unfortunately cannot find the date of its appearance :—

FREEHOLD AND TITHE FREE.

The Manor of Carlton-in-Cleveland, a capital stone mansion, and a good garden adjoining, partly walled, with fit and convenient offices, situate in the village of Carlton aforesaid, and forming a desirable residence for a genteel family.

Another Mansion House, nearly opposite to the above, but not occupied as such, adjoining to which is a large garden, well



Carlton House (the "Mansion nearly opposite").

walled round, and an excellent orchard, twenty-four messuages and cottages, with the garths, gardens, and appurtenances—all situated in or near to the village; and upwards of 300 acres of rich arable meadow and pasture land, parts of which are let to tenants at will, and the residue in the occupation of the owner—and the whole lands of the yearly value of £400 and upwards. Also the nomination to the perpetual curacy of Carlton. There is an excellent common containing upwards of 900 acres adjoining to this estate, and belonging to the owner thereof, and the other freeholds of Carlton; in a part of which a very large alum manufactory was some time ago carried on by the owners of the estate to great advantage. The rock is of a very superior quality, a considerable part thereof is now bared, and the works may be easily resumed.

Carlton is a pleasant village, situated in an excellent neighbourhood, and in the most fertile part of Cleveland, being 2 miles from Stokesley, 10 from Yarm, 14 from Stockton, and 13 from Northallerton and the roads exceedingly good without turnpikes. The estate is freehold and tithe free, and free from all out payments except a small annual sum to the curate.

Mr. Charles Reeve, a Hampshire country gentleman, purchased the Carlton estate from the Prissick family about 1823, and for some time lived at Carlton. From him the property passed to his son Mr. Joshua Reeve, whose widow is now the lady of the Manor and patroness of the living. Although non-resident in the village, Mrs. Reeve has a keen interest in its welfare, and reserves at Carlton House rooms for her occasional visits. Mrs. Reeve has given every assistance possible to the happy development of the ecclesiastical life of the village and was one of the first to handsomely subscribe to the new church. Kind and considerate to her tenants they showed their affection for her some years ago by making her a presentation of a portfolio containing the views of the village and photos

of her tenants. It is interesting to recall in connection with the family that it was Mr. Charles Reeve who organised the band at Carlton which in its day had



Mrs. Reeve's tenants assembled at the back of the Manor House.

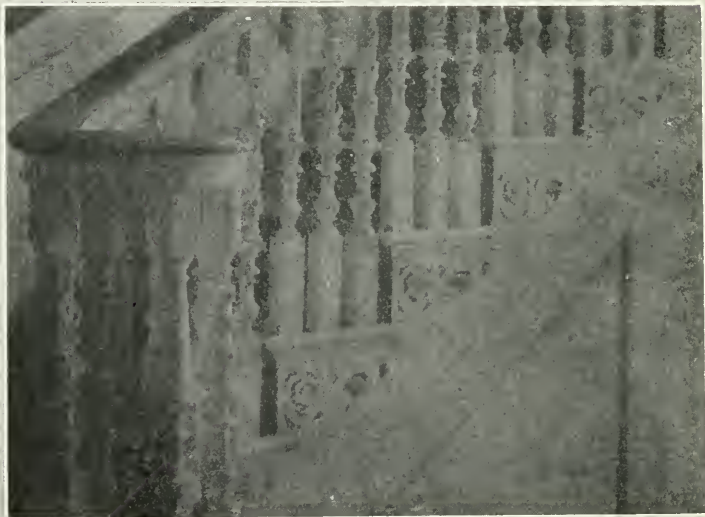
more than local fame. Some of the instruments are still extant, and at the village pageant arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Gjers in the summer of 1911, the drum, bearing the arms of William IV, was employed in connection with the tableaux representing Queen Victoria in which Mrs. Matthew Wake, Senr., represented royalty. In the early days of the band, instrumental music was used in church and some of the band occupied the west gallery.

The Manor House is built in Queen Ann style and has not a few noticeable features. Glancing at the exterior one sees a massive centre with a wing on each side peculiarly joined by curved passages, lower in height than the main body and being surmounted by flat roofs. These passages lead to what would be intended for a butler's house on the one side and the kitchen on the other. The stone moulding under the eaves



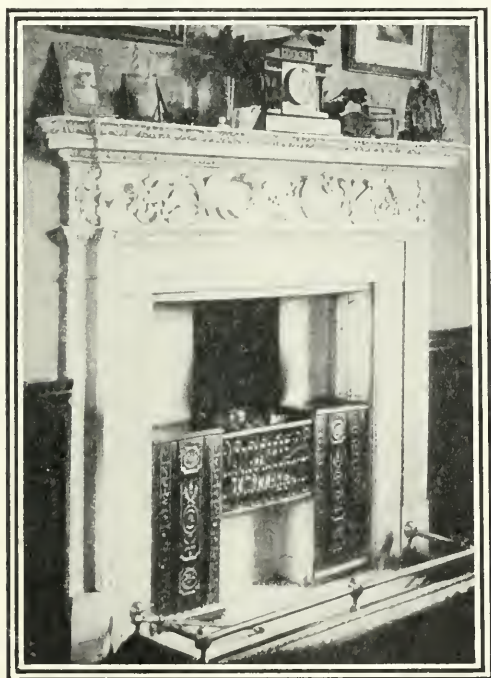
St. Peter's Gate, leading from the Manor House Court Yard to the Gardens.

is in wonderful preservation, and passing to the rear of the house (though one is really as much the front as the other) the court yard has leading from it into the garden an ancient gateway (known locally as St. Peter's Gate) the top of which is carved. Where now stand the present entrance doors from the road to the court yard was a gateway, somewhat similar to that just referred to, which was removed about twelve years ago. There is leading from the now stackyard an entrance opening into the church yard almost directly opposite the present porch. This may have been the principal entrance to the Church at one period.



The beautiful carved Staircase at the Manor House.

No less interesting is the interior of the house. For almost a century the Manor House was a farmer's residence, and it is not to be wondered at that the old oak carving and pannelling was so little valued that it was covered with successive coats of paint. The staircase is unique, the carving of the balustrades being carved out of the solid wood much in the Grinlin Gibbons\* style though as to



Fire-place (showing carving) at West end of Manor House Drawing-room.

\* If the possible carving of Grinlin Gibbons is any index to the age of the Manor House or Old Hall, it may be interesting to note that the Evelyn under the date of Jan. 18th. 1671, says "I first acquainted His Majesty Charles II with that incomparable young man Gibbon, whom I lately met with in an obscure place by mere accident, as I was walking near a poor solitary thatched house in our parish (Deptford). I found him shut in; but looking in at the window I perceived him carving that large cartoon or crucifix of Tintoret."

whether or not the work is his is mere supposition. In the drawing room the two oak mantelpieces are elaborately carved with leaves, dragons heads and pomegranates. The room is pannelled and the mantelpieces and window frames are carved similarly to those in the drawing room, whilst the doorways are also ornamented by carving. The whole of the carving is about two hundred years old, and



The second Fire-place in Manor House Drawing-room.

in one of the West bedrooms there is a fireplace of a similar age. There are extensive cellars under the full length of the house, which are partly walled up, and no doubt in common with a large stock of wine, there would be in former days (when much beer was drunk) a fair quantity of ale brought from the brew house now employed as a laundry. There is a legend regarding these cellars to the effect that a subterranean passage ran from them to Whorlton Castle, possibly which would be for the escape of recusants. There is also on the servants staircase a mysterious doorway, just large enough for a human being to enter. Once inside one can see high up a pulley from which a rope might be hung and a priest or person in danger hauled up to secrecy. This may, or may not have been the purpose of the secret chamber. The author entered it whilst this volume was in preparation and can add nothing to the theory of the authorities who have been shown the interesting feature of the house.\*

It remains only to be said that the Vicar has the Manor House farm in his own hands and that the beauties and possession of the Old Hall have careful and appreciative custodians in Mr. and Mrs. Kyle.

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\*It is rather a rude jae upon that which may be surrounded by romance and poetry to give the theory once advanced that the "secret chamber" may have been used for smoking bacon!!



## CHAPTER V.

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# EARLY ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY

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### CONTENTS OF CHAPTER :

ST. BOTOLPH AND AFTER.

PARSON "TOMMY" BROWN.

THE REV. GEO. SANGER.

HE BUILDS A NEW CHURCH—AND  
IS CHARGED WITH BURNING IT.



## CHAPTER V.

The ecclesiastical life of Carlton has been in keeping with that of the Catholic Church for all time, indeed a microcosm of it—troublous, militant, striving, hoping, believing, in spite of all set-backs, all temporary catastrophies, all discouragements, all apparent failures within and without. When it seemed as though the Psalmist's words had a special application to Church life : “Thou hast overthrown all his hedges and broken down his strongholds . . . and made all his adversaries rejoice . . . Lord how long wilt thou hide Thyself forever and shall thy wrath burn like fire.” Then came the sequence, which is the very burden of this book, an answer for which we also fly to the Psalmist, “O how amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou Lord of hosts ! My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord, my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God.” To-day stands proudly at Carlton the church of St. Botolph as a witness to the Truth, as a testimony to the earnest, affectionate and untiring energies of the present Vicar and his flock. On the site of many previous churches, possibly on the very ground where St. Botolph raised a rude cross—the very emblem of the Faith—stands to-day a house more worthy, more potent, more beautiful than any of its predecessors. Well might we apply the words of the grand hymn :—

Faith of our fathers living still  
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword.

To-day the fine peal of bells ring out the message to the ploughman at his work and the shepherd on the hill-sides the strain of the hymn, the purport of which has for generations been so dear to the heart of Carltonians :

“ We love the place O God.”

On the left hand side of the pathway leading to Carlton Church of to-day stands the base and shaft of an old Saxon cross. Around it one could weave a vista of poetical possibilities and probabilities. It is probable that it has stood on this raised eminence for hundreds of years, it is possible that St. Botolph on one of his missionary excursions into the North tarried here, and that the cutters of stone, who together with monks, accompanied him, raised up this cross—the emblem of the Faith. The Pagan Saxons were much given to worshipping stone pillars (of which we have evidence on the hills above Carlton)\* and, as was ever the custom of Holy Church, she took all that was good from Paganism and in place of that which was secular supplanted that which was Christian. So the cross, of which a portion to-day remains, was possibly erected by the instruction of St. Botolph, who would thereupon consecrate the place to the worship of God, and tell the simple Gospel story to those who gathered around it. This would be the first chapter of Carlton’s ecclesiastical history—the erection of a rude stone cross (they were not by any means always rude), and the preaching of Christ Crucified. It does not need a very vivid imagination to picture the wonder struck group of villagers listening to the story and saying in effect :—

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\* The Wainstones on Broughton Bank for instance.

Wonder of wonders how can it be  
Jesus the Crucified died for me ?

How St. Botolph, the Patron Saint of travellers, would be besieged with questions as to the (to them) new Faith, and with what patience and simplicity he would have to formulate his answers. One recalls how in the early part of the seventh century a monk was sent to the stubborn North from Iona, and failed absolutely to make an impression upon the people, so returned to give an account of his failure to a chapter of monks. He told how stiff-necked and rough we Northerners were, and how our fathers had refused to listen to him. Then was it St. Aidan rose up and said :—

“ It seems to me, brother, that you have been too severe with your ignorant hearers. You might have offered them first of all the milk of gentle teaching until they were capable of receiving more perfect instruction.”

St. Botolph had no doubt discovered this during his wide experience and missionary expeditions. It is interesting, in view of tradition and the fact that the Carlton Church of to-day is dedicated to St. Botolph, to glance at the story of the Saint so far as it is known. History tells us he founded a monastery on the Gallic model at Ikanho, in South Lincolnshire. Dr. Bright in his “ Early Church History” tells us :—

“ Sigebert the Good, was succeeded by his brother Swidhelm (709), who was baptised by Cedd himself, at Rendlesham, in Suffolk. This royal baptism exhibited the bishops of Essex and East Anglia as on brotherly terms ; and Ethelwood, the East-Anglian King, brother and successor of Ethelhere, acted as

sponsor to the East-Saxon, and received him as he came up out of the holy font." It was about two years since the East-Anglian Christians had heard with interest of the foundation of a monastery on the Gallic model amongst their neighbours the Northern Gyrvians of South Lincolnshire. The founder was Botulf; the place Ikanho, is usually indented with " Botulf's town," or Boston, with the neighbouring village of St. Botolph. The foundation is dated in 654, and King Anna's successor Ethelhere is said to have used influence in its favour with a certain " South-Anglian " King, or rather sub-king, called Ethelmund, whose sisters Botulf had met in Gaul, and who had had some of Botulf's kinsman in his service. Botulf asked simply to have a piece of unoccupied land given him: his request was granted, and he chose Ikanho because it was desolate."

St. Botolph was the patron Saint of travellers and we read of Ceolfrid, of noble birth, who at the age of 18 had entered the monastery at Gilling (governed by his kinsman Tunbert), going into Kent and later to St. Botulf at Ikanho. He was studying the monastic discipline of the great Gregorian houses. He afterwards returned to Ripon, full of the influence of St. Botulf's lowly piety and took upon himself the menial office of baker at Wilfrid's monastery, though later we find him elevated to the position of prior here and Benedict obtained Wilfrid's sanction to transfer him to the same position at Wearmouth.

How long after his visit to Carlton it would be ere a Church of any description was built, it is difficult to say. In the early days of Christianity those who had received the Truth were greedy for grace, and so

loved the Holy Mass that no distance was too far, no time too early, no weather too bad for them to present themselves at the greatest of all Services on Sundays and days of obligation. There was Whorlton Church, Mount Grace Priory (where those from afar would be hospitably entertained\* after Mass and where they could remain for Vespers) and other churches in the immediate neighbourhood, whence early Carltonians could, and *would* go to their duties. Strong indeed must have been the hold and influence of Holy Church in these days, and we believe most devoutly she is returning to her old position.

The English Church is Christ's own home on earth for the outcast millions in our land who are ignorant and out of the way, and are, in consequence, subjects for the Divine Compassion of our Saviour and King. Genevanism, Lutheranism, Calvinism, and all the other various "isms," which may be rolled together into one and correctly labelled and dubbed the germ-centre of indefinitism have, in alliance with the great Enemy of Souls, done their level best to obscure the truth of the Blessed Sacrament as the centre and foundation of practical Christian life, as set out for us in the formularies of the English Church. They robbed our people of the Mass by deliberate and unblushing legerdemain, pernicious clap-trap, and paganistic subtleties. Thus they tore out of their lives the sheet-anchor of their Religion—"Jesus Christ and Him Crucified," as shown forth—as He told us how to do it—in the Holy Sacrament before God, before Angels, and before men. We thank God for delivering us from the thralldom of the Papal claims

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\*The Carthusians had no stabling for guests nor did they pretend, at the outset, to entertain pilgrims, but Mount Grace was an exception to the rule for they provided hospitality for man and beast.



—the most monstrous assumption in history. Up to the first Prayer Book of Edward VI the Reformation was good. After that, robbers of Churches and Church endowments played for the gratification of their own greed and not for the spread of Christ's Kingdom. They ushered into England a time of speculative doubt and controversy, instead of maintaining the Divine certainty of the old Faith of Catholic Christendom as this Church and Realm had received the same. We have struggled in the various revisions of our Book of Common Prayer to repair the ravages of these precursors of Infidelity to the Faith, Worship and Discipline of Holy Church. We are succeeding all along the line, but much yet remains to be done.\*

When at last a Church was built, on the site of the present St. Botolph's, it is supposed to have been in the parish of Hutton Rudby, but was later given to the Abbey at Whitby, though neither Charlton nor Young record this. It is probable that the building would be a very small one, and that it would be served from some neighbouring parish by a priest, who would say Mass occasionally, bury, baptise and marry. In the fire, of which mention will be made later, many of the registers were destroyed, and only those from 1700 have been available. These have been of but little assistance as the priests have not signed their names. About 1750 we find William Deason was vicar of Carlton, and not only so, but also of Faceby, Whorlton and Osmotherley. However he succeeded in attending to the spiritual needs of these several parishes, one cannot understand. Tradition says that he rode an ass between the places, and that

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\* See aims of "The League of the Holy Sacrifice" from which the foregoing is taken,

in 1758 he lived at Carlton and worked the distant parishes from there. However this be, we find in the register that in this year—

October ye 31st, Elizabeth, daughter of William and Ann Deason, born and crystn'd at Carlton.

In 1762, she was buried at Stokesley, and in the same year Ann Deason also died and was buried at Stokesley.

The Rev. Thomas Deason succeeded him, and in his day the Church was, according to Graves, who wrote in 1808 (it is not likely there was any alteration in the interim), "a small modern-built structure and



Carlton Church in 1878, before the transepts were added by Rev. G. Sanger.

stands in a retired situation adjoining upon the farm yard of the Mansion House, towards the West. It was probably, on its first foundation, endowed with rectorial rights, but being given to the monastery at Whitby,

to which it was made appropriate, it was reduced at the dissolution to a perpetual curacy. The Rev. Thomas Deason is the present (1808) incumbent."

In the early part of the 19th century the Rev. Thomas Brown was curate in-charge. He was somewhat of a character, and in an interesting communication to the author Mr. W. H. Burnett (who did much for Cleveland literature in his day, but will not be remembered by the present generation) says :—

"Some two and a half years of my very long apprenticeship were spent under William Jackson Brown, Parson Brown of Carlton's son. I was often sent on errands to the Vicarage from Stokesley. Mrs. Brown was very fond of me. Her husband was a curious



The Vicarage at Carlton.

character, weak, but far from a bad man. As a boy the Cleveland Hills were to me as the Blue Alsatian mountains of the song. Carlton Bank was the fairest of them all. I can see its blue outline now (after half a century!) with the deep hollow at the top like a crater from whence the alum shale had been taken, and in the almost inaccessible crags of which the jackdaws used to build. Many a time have I stood gazing upon it with deepest reverence from a coign of vantage in the dear old vicarage garden spelling out, so far as a child could, the miracle and mystery embodied in its scamed fissures and high placed peak, seemingly reaching to the sky. How more than passingly beautiful—nor is it gone yet, the beauty and the dream! Busby Beck was ruddy with the shaley refuse of the ancient alum workings from Carlton Bank, red rud we used to call it. I used to go all round the Carlton and Busby farms “mumping,” and my companions and I used to gather in a store of red rud\* at the same time from the bed of Busby Beck. To revert to my visits to the Vicarage, I fancy they were for money, and sometimes I had long waits which were delightful. Dear Mr. Brown he had a face like an angel. Mrs. Brown had a heart-aching time with the two of them. W. J. B. until 1853 had the shop on the left of the narrow street entering on the stone bridge, which crosses the beck from the main street leading from Stokesley market place. His mother once came and stayed with him for a month. There was a corridor behind the shop out of which a window gave a view of what was passing in it. You could not however see out of the shop into the corridor as the latter was quite dark. One night after I had closed up, Mrs. Brown called me into the dining-room. She

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\*Then used for door steps and kitchen floors.

startled me by saying she owed me an apology. Then she said she had been watching me for a month to see where the money went, suspecting me. She had found out she had done me a great injury. She gave me 2/6 and enough grey cloth to make me a suit, and flannel for one or two shirts, by way of apology.



Rev. T. Brown, an early Vicar of Carlton.

I didn't understand at all what it meant for I was very young. But I ran home to my dear mother as fast as my legs could carry me, and the feelings of a transporting joy which such kindness gave rise to is with me yet, and, as I think of it, moistens my eyes.

“As I have already hinted Parson Brown was a man of very ‘pleasing appearance.’ He was kind to everybody, and if he frequented the village ale-house a little too often, we may still say of him, he was only his own enemy. Facially and in manner he was every

inch a parson, and had that expression of sweet humility and goodness which is oftener revealed to us by the artists in stained glass than in actual life. In everything but his patent weakness he was a perfect representation of the Vicar of Wakefield as limned for us by Goldsmith. He used readily to own his little weaknesses and foibles, and was known to advise his parishioners from the pulpit ‘to do as I say and not as I do,’ evidently thinking, in his case at any rate, that example was not better than precept. I remember on one of my visits to Carlton they were much disturbed at the vicarage because the latter-day saints had been holding meetings in the village, and had made some converts. The Mormon religion was then in the first era of its fascination: It has been greatly shorn of its romance since then.

“William Jackson Brown was very like his father in many of his habits. Mrs. Brown, his mother, used frequently to come and stay with him for a month or so at a time, as the little business at Stokesley did not make headway as she would like. There was little opportunity for it to do so, as there was another printing establishment in the little town, which could not possibly maintain them both. The takings were very small in the stationer’s shop. Mrs. Brown was a fine, motherly-looking person—a model vicar’s wife.

“I always thought Carlton a very superior village. The trees surrounding the houses are fine, and the whole entourage very romantic; but the eye of a child—I was not nine then—gives to all things its own aspects of illusion and mysticism. I wonder if I should think it so now, for I have not seen it since those happ

years. Mrs. Brown was very kindly and thoughtful, and used often, when I had to wait for replies to notes or for parcels that were not made up, to send me into the vicarage garden, where I amused myself in my own fashion. I rarely came away without some fruit or confectionery."

There is a local tradition that on the occasion of a wedding at Faceby the Bilsdale hounds were to run a bagged fox there caught by G. Haggars. "Tommy" Brown, begged them to wait till the ceremony had concluded, but becoming impatient they turned down the fox, which, in the irony of things, ran past the Church. The story runs that the parson on hearing the music left the couple with the command "Come again to-morrow," and ran into the vestry, unvested and was soon galloping after the glad throng *a la* the hunting songs

But he hears the sweet sound  
Of the horn and the hound,  
And he knows it is time to be there.  
Says he for your welfare I'll pray.  
I regret I no longer can stay  
Now your (not) safely made one  
I must quickly be gone  
For I must go a hunting to-day.

Unfortunately for the veracity of the legend it may be said as a certainty that Parson Brown would never have sufficient money to keep a horse, and in those days the Bilsdale sportsmen were never loth to wait an hour or two ere they turned off a bagman. I used to hear a song sung at the Bilsdale hunt gatherings, regarding this old time Carlton vicar, which had reference to the stealing of a sheep.

Whatever may have been Parson Brown's failings the lingering memories of him in the Parish are of the very kindest. It seems that he was so anxious to help his flock and so ready so to do, that they had no scruples against calling him up at midnight to lend them a hand with a foaling-mare or calving-cow or in any other, to them, momentous occasion. According to the stories one hears he was kindness in itself, and was never happier than when helping some of his parishioners out of a hole if they were a man short in the harvest field or on a thrashing day. He used to attend all the "harvest homes" (known locally as mell suppers),\* at which every man, woman and child, who had assisted in the ingathering of the corn assembled to feast, sing and dance. He must have been a very human old parson with a practical religion, whilst the remark of an old parishioner "Mr. Brown's reading of the scriptures was more tellin' than monny another man's sarmons," seems to suggest that he had a power and presence with him.

Parson Brown was domine as well as pastor, and the late John Wake told me he was taught by him. On a Sunday the scholars used to assemble at the School and walk two by two to the Church porch, where they formed a human avenue and awaited the arrival of the Marwoods, who (like the Reeve's had a family pew in the Church). The service never began till the Marwoods had arrived, which reminds one of an old Yorkshire rhyme.†

An' niver a wo'd frev t'parson's lips cam  
Till t' squire had settled him doon,  
For he thowt mair o' him than the Lord a gay bit.

\* See page 82, R. Blakebrough's "What, character and folklore of the North Riding of Yorkshire."

† From an old Simington Hunt Song: See "England's Oldest Hunt," by the author of this book, page 177.

Regarding his day Ord tells us "the present impropiator is C. Reeve, Esq." and adds "the glebe house is an awkward, incommodious building, having been built at three several periods."

Mr. Brown was followed by the Rev. George Sanger, who had 'verted from Wesleyanism and had been a curate at Stokesley. When he came to Carlton he would find the church according to the description of Ord (1846). "The church is a singular and extraordinary structure, the steeple like a Norman tower, the nave and chancel little better than a shepherd's hut."

He was not long ere he formed a scheme to build a new Church, and I was fortunate enough to come across an article which appeared in a Yorkshire newspaper telling of his labours and the terrible blow which went like iron into his soul. I give the article here *in toto* :— "When the Vicar of Carlton first came to his parish the thatched, barn-like church afforded very poor accommodation, being frequently flooded. He built "the prettiest church in Cleveland" \* in its place, but for many years now it has been a dismal, roofless pile, and the parishioners are worse off than ever. It is a singular story! I visited Carlton nearly 17 years ago, and saw the late Rev. George Sanger at his labours. The roadway to the sequestered village is steep and worn deep into the hill side. From the high bank on either side red tiled houses peep out through the trees. Amid blocks of stone and moss-grown tombstones the Vicar stands beside his workmen, dressed in cotton jacket and apron, mallet and chisel in hand,

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\* There is diversity of opinion regarding this, and the author is told that the foundation and many other points woefully pointed to the lack of an experienced architect.

carving bosses\* and shaping window pieces. In familiar tones he directs how courses shall be laid, what work is to be got forward, or bends his finely-featured face to more accurately follow his designs.

Not only has he drawn the plans, but he is his own contractor, clerk of works, master mason, and foreman carver. Even at this early stage I can see that the building is to bear the impress of a many-sided genius. Apart from his bearing this man is like other men. His broad head, high brow, deep-set eyes, and singularly gentle countenance suffice, however, to distinguish him from the 'ordinary artisan'. From his face one can judge him to be a man of refined tastes. Now and then he raises his head proudly, and surveys the growing edifice with a sense of satisfaction that can only be felt by one who has created and completed something entirely with his own hands. With a smile, a nod, and a word he takes leave of his workmen and proceeds to the vicarage. Returning from his tea he resumes his task alone and works away in this solitude till twilight comes. Darkness cannot stop such a worker; it merely drives him to his book-binding bench, where by midnight he has earned sufficient to pay for to-morrow's building material. In two years the task is completed, and London and provincial Press alike praise the genius and resolution of the Yorkshire vicar.

Nothing more was needed to make the village, with its 200 inhabitants, almost an ideal one. On my second visit I saw the church, a cruciform and commodious structure with lofty-tiled roof and tapering spire. In the belfry the ringers are sending forth a

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\*Some of Mr. Sanger's carving is still extant on the pillars of the entrance gate. At the time of correcting the proof sheets of this book, arrangements are in progress for erecting a lych gate here.

merry peal. The chimes cheer the hearts of the stoical dwellers in the hills, and the simple tillers of the plains hear the soft sound as they turn over the sweet-smelling hay. Windows, round which clematis and jasmine cling in summer and peach and pear droop to ripeness under autumn suns, are thrown open, and sounds of



The Church as restored by Rev. Geo. Sanger, 1879, destroyed by fire in 1881.

singing within are heard. Bells are the music of the country, for they waken up melody in the bush and under the rooftree where songs are seldom sung. There is a hum in the air as of complete content. But my mind has strayed far from the church. Windows, porch and pillar alike bear the mark of exquisite taste and rare skill, whilst oaken pulpit and lectern show cunning use of carver's chisel. The Vicar's pleasant voice, which I had heard when it was employed to lighten the task of the toilers, is now used to expound the Scriptures Sunday after

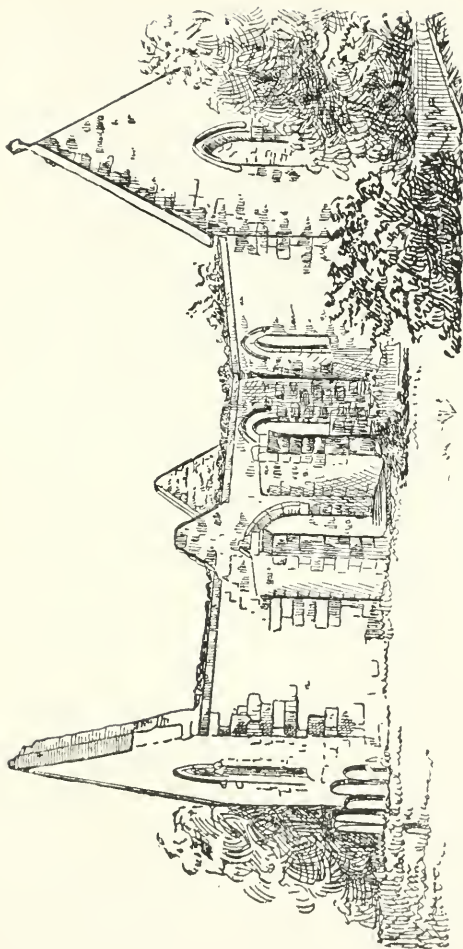
Sunday till all the life of the place has centered round the Vicar and his church. Alas ! in a year all this was changed.

This unique edifice was destroyed by fire on the 19th October, 1881. It was discovered at 3 a.m., and the roof, belfry and bells fell through with a crash an hour later. Sympathy went out to the Vicar at first, for it was generally believed that the shameful work was the result of an act of incendiarism. Colour was given to the theory when it became known that the greenhouse at the vicarage had previously been despoiled, and that the Vicar had been warned to quit the parish. The author of the letter told him to leave the parish, or he would annoy him till he did. If necessary he would use a rifle bullet. Then still stranger stories were set afloat regarding the matter. Soon after his marriage he was arrested on a charge of setting fire to his own church.

When before the magistrates, who ultimately dismissed the charge for want of evidence, the anxious Vicar seemed to feel his position acutely. He was pale, haggard and handsome. How could such a man set fire to a church, much less that which he had built ? It was pitiable and pathetic to see this man for hours together "standing before his betters." During the past few years he calmly conversed with strangers on the incident which had helped to wreck his career, and many believed that he knew the author of the mischief. Maybe he did, or possibly he merely had his suspicions. Probably his silence in any case was discreet. He was inhibited for an offence against the Church, and compelled to live the scandal down. No marriages have been celebrated, no services held since, and people

preferred to be buried miles away rather than by him, so bitter were the feelings. Where such a fend existed the details of the Vicar's life were not allowed to die. Everyone save the children slighted him, and even to them he was a man who spent his days walking alone on the hill tops, and was not allowed to teach or preach on Sundays. The last time I saw him he seemed a man grown old with grief. Like Othello he found his occupation gone, and had nothing to do but live in vain regrets. His handsome face, with curly white hair falling on to broad shoulders, and his erect carriage reminded one of "the Silver King." Certainly his life was scarcely less sad and pathetic.

Twelve months ago the stones, font, and shattered communion rails were gathered into a heap, and the Vicar occasionally held services within the blackened walls. On Sunday, August 19th. 1894, I attended such a service. Rain began to fall as the Vicar commenced his sermon on the well-known words of Shakespeare, "There's a Divinity which shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." The congregation stood under their umbrellas, but the bare headed Vicar stood unprotected. His utterances were those of a pious, thoughtful, and widely-read man. After referring to the various sciences, and showing considerable intimacy with some of them, especially geology and astronomy, he concluded: "Often man is condemned, probably not so much from malice as from ignorance, but to all such sufferers it is a happiness to know that what is mysterious to the malignant and ignorant is revealed to God, who will be the final Judge of all."



THE CHURCH IN RUINS.

The Rev. Geo. Sanger published the following appeal for assistance in several papers :—

“ The Revd. George Sanger, Vicar of Carlton-in-Cleveland, earnestly begs Churchmen to help him. He has built a new Church, having done a great portion with his own hands. He needs £200 more to pay outstanding accounts for materials. Will Churchmen help him, by subscribing—by giving him work as a bookbinder—or will ladies assist towards a Bazaar to be held about the end of July. Postal Address, Carlton Vicarage, Northallerton. Rail address—Sexhow Station, N.E.R.”

The following are interesting in connection with parochial ecclesiastical history :—

(From the Archdeacon of Cleveland's Charge at Saltburn, May, 1879).

“ The restoration of village churches involves considerable labour on the part of the clergy. The Revd. George Sanger has, during the past inclement winter, rebuilt the Parish Church of Carlton in a very effective manner. The rebuilding was a work of absolute necessity. The Vicar designed and executed the restoration, doing all the wood and stone earving with his own hands. I am sorry to learn that £200 more is required, I hope, however, that the liberality of Churchmen will not leave Mr. Sanger long in difficulty.”

(From the Press.)

“ The new Parish Church of Carlton-in-Cleveland was opened for divine service yesterday (March 13th, 1879), by the Venerable Archdeacon of Cleveland. The new building is in the form of a cross, externally composed of freestone from the quarries in the neighbourhood. Eight very chaste tracery windows are placed in the building. The east window is beautifully chiselled, being one of the finest church windows in Cleveland. The internal arrangements are all that can be desired.”

“ The parish of Carlton-in-Cleveland has a model Vicar, who recently re-opened his Church, the ricketty condition of which made the work of rebuilding a necessity. The Vicar took all the responsibility and management of re-erection upon his own shoulders, and worked as few clergymen have ever done in rebuilding a church. He laboured at book-binding for two years, getting work when he could, in order to raise money :

he wrote above 2,000 letters soliciting subscriptions, and obtained all the donations that were secured; he designed the building himself, preparing plans and specifications; and he acted also as clerk of the works, and personally employed and superintended the workmen engaged on the building. The wood and stone carving he did with his own hands, and, in fact, took his place regularly among the masons and joiners."

"The Vicar of Carlton has worked at his new Church with heart, head and hands, and his appeal deserves a hearty response from all churchmen."

The story of the building and burning of the Church has been told (with literary license) in a novel entitled *Peccari*, we would write rather *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* and would say that it *seems* incredible that a man who had given of his very life's blood to the building of a church, had put all his skill, his thought, art, ability and strength into the work should be the one to bring it all to the ground a mass of blackened ruins. The suggestion seems wild and impossible and some of those who have had time to hear all the evidence, and every insinuation, are confirmed in the certain opinion that the Rev. Geo. Sanger had no part in the burning of his Church. The mystery will probably never now be solved, though it is said the late Vicar himself could have explained it and that spleen was the motive. Woe to a country parish priest even to-day when his flock perceive any flaw in his character. Much more so was it woe in the days of the Rev. Geo. Sanger. Once down he was kicked unmercifully. Mr. Kyle came across a full statement of accounts regarding the receipts and allocation of finance in Mr. Sanger's day and more for the honour of the dead than anything else it is given here:

## CARLTON CHURCH.

## RE-BUILDING FUND.

|                                           | £   | s. | d. |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| George Marwood, Esq., Busby Hall ..       | 100 | 0  | 0  |
| J. R. Reeve, Esq., Bassett .. ..          | 30  | 0  | 0  |
| Right Hon. Earl Feversham .. ..           | 25  | 0  | 0  |
| Mrs. Wynne Finch .. ..                    | 20  | 0  | 0  |
| A Friend .. ..                            | 20  | 0  | 0  |
| Miss Mello, Carlton .. ..                 | 15  | 0  | 0  |
| His Grace the Archbishop of York ..       | 10  | 0  | 0  |
| Lord de L' Isle & Dudley .. ..            | 10  | 0  | 0  |
| T. J. Wharton, Esq., Skelton .. ..        | 10  | 0  | 0  |
| John Hutton, Esq., Solberge .. ..         | 10  | 0  | 0  |
| Mr. R. Calvert, Stokesley .. ..           | 7   | 0  | 0  |
| Douglas Brown, Esq., J.P., Q.C. ..        | 6   | 0  | 0  |
| The Rev. J. Gardener, D.C.L., Skelton     | 5   | 0  | 0  |
| Mrs. Pease, Hutton Hall, Guisbrough       | 5   | 0  | 0  |
| Admiral Chaloner .. ..                    | 5   | 0  | 0  |
| The Rev. F. D. Legard, Stokesley ..       | 5   | 0  | 0  |
| The Rev. A. H. Cumming, Whorlton          | 5   | 0  | 0  |
| The Rev. J. F. Newton, Kirby .. ..        | 5   | 0  | 0  |
| Mark Robinson, Esq., Stockton .. ..       | 5   | 0  | 0  |
| Miss C. Peel .. ..                        | 5   | 0  | 0  |
| J. Emerson, Esq., Easby Hall .. ..        | 5   | 0  | 0  |
| J. W. Pease, Esq., M.P. .. ..             | 5   | 0  | 0  |
| Col. Harcourt, M.P., Ryde .. ..           | 5   | 0  | 0  |
| Wm. Armitage, Esq., Ainderby Hall ..      | 5   | 0  | 0  |
| Miss Nightingale, Faceby .. ..            | 5   | 0  | 0  |
| The Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of York   | 5   | 0  | 0  |
| Miss Fenwick, Newcastle .. ..             | 3   | 10 | 0  |
| The Venerable the Archdeacon of Cleveland | 3   | 3  | 0  |
| I. Lowthian Bell, Esq., M.P. .. ..        | 3   | 3  | 0  |
| F. A. Milbank, Esq., M.P. .. ..           | 3   | 0  | 0  |
| Mr. Wm. Barker, Stokesley .. ..           | 3   | 0  | 0  |
| E. V. Harcourt, Esq., Whitwell .. ..      | 3   | 0  | 0  |
| Mrs. Mello, Carlton .. ..                 | 3   | 0  | 0  |
| Hassard Dodgson, Esq. .. ..               | 2   | 2  | 0  |
| J. Thompson, Esq., York .. ..             | 2   | 2  | 0  |
| Dr. Forbes, Stokesley .. ..               | 2   | 2  | 0  |
| Hon. and Rev. C. Glyn .. ..               | 2   | 2  | 0  |
| The Rev. J. Lipscomb, Welbury .. ..       | 2   | 2  | 0  |

|                                         | £ | s. | d. |
|-----------------------------------------|---|----|----|
| Col. the Hon. Octavius Duneombe ..      | 2 | 0  | 0  |
| Arthur Pease, Esq. .. ..                | 2 | 0  | 0  |
| George Gilpin Brown, Esq. .. ..         | 2 | 0  | 0  |
| Isaac Wilson, Esq., M.P., Nunthorpe     | 2 | 0  | 0  |
| Mrs. Cholmley, Whitby Hall .. ..        | 2 | 0  | 0  |
| Mr. & Mrs. Faweett, Stokesley ..        | 2 | 0  | 0  |
| The Rev. J. Ibbettson, Ayton ..         | 2 | 0  | 0  |
| Mrs. Spencer, Yarm .. ..                | 2 | 0  | 0  |
| Mr. W. Weighell .. ..                   | 2 | 0  | 0  |
| Miss Mello, Ilfracombe .. ..            | 2 | 0  | 0  |
| The Rev. J. Hull .. ..                  | 2 | 0  | 0  |
| The Misses Dodgson .. ..                | 1 | 16 | 0  |
| Miss L. Marwood (Sundries) .. ..        | 1 | 10 | 0  |
| The Misses Marwood .. ..                | 1 | 8  | 0  |
| The late George Wilson, Esq., Hutton    | 1 | 2  | 0  |
| The Rev. R. I. Steele, Harsley ..       | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| Miles Cadle, Esq., Coatham .. ..        | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| Mr. R. Brown, Stokesley .. ..           | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| T. E. Pyman, Esq., Linden Grove ..      | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| J. Hall, Esq., Stockton-on-Tees ..      | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| The Rev. J. B. Caffin, Northallerton .. | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| Mr. J. Gilchrist, Stokesley .. ..       | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| Mrs. Steele, West Hartlepool .. ..      | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| Sir A. Guinness, M.P. .. ..             | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| The Rev. J. Wimpenny, Yarm .. ..        | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| The Misses Moor, Sexhow .. ..           | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| A Friend .. ..                          | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| Mr. Brack, Carlton .. ..                | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| Mr. Joseph Smith, Carlton .. ..         | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| E. G. Saye, Esq., Nunthorpe .. ..       | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| Lord Helmsley, M.P. .. ..               | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| G. Y. Blair, Esq., Stockton .. ..       | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| Mr. T. Benton, Busby .. ..              | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| Mr. G. W. Rickatson, Stokesley ..       | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| Mr. Dixon, Skelton .. ..                | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| Mr. Jackson, Brotton .. ..              | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| R. Nightingale, Esq., Faceby .. ..      | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| Thos. Cail, Esq., Stokesley .. ..       | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| The Rev. P. Metcalfe, Bilbrough ..      | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| The Rev. G. Roberts .. ..               | 1 | 0  | 0  |

|                                                                                                               | £   | s. | d. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| T. W. Pybus, Esq., Stockton .. ..                                                                             | 1   | 0  | 0  |
| J. Ashworth, Esq., Bolton .. ..                                                                               | 1   | 0  | 0  |
| J. Richardson, Esq., Potto Hall ..                                                                            | 1   | 0  | 0  |
| W. Bonniwell, Esq. .. ..                                                                                      | 1   | 0  | 0  |
| The Rev. R. Pullein .. ..                                                                                     | 0   | 10 | 0  |
| Mr. Eyles .. ..                                                                                               | 0   | 10 | 0  |
| Mr. W. H. D. .. ..                                                                                            | 0   | 10 | 0  |
| Mr. Thomas Potts .. ..                                                                                        | 0   | 10 | 0  |
| Mr. Elders .. ..                                                                                              | 0   | 10 | 0  |
| Mr. Furness .. ..                                                                                             | 0   | 10 | 0  |
| Mrs. Lloyd Hazlecroft .. ..                                                                                   | 0   | 10 | 0  |
| The Rev. E. G. Charlesworth .. ..                                                                             | 0   | 10 | 0  |
| C. E. Jameson, Esq. .. ..                                                                                     | 0   | 10 | 0  |
| Mrs. Wilson, Nunthorpe .. ..                                                                                  | 0   | 10 | 0  |
| Miss Wilson, Nunthorpe .. ..                                                                                  | 0   | 10 | 0  |
| Thos. Horsfall, Esq., Hornby .. ..                                                                            | 0   | 10 | 0  |
| The Rev. W. Bowlan, LL.D. .. ..                                                                               | 0   | 10 | 0  |
| The Rev. J. Bailey .. ..                                                                                      | 0   | 10 | 0  |
| Miss Clark .. ..                                                                                              | 0   | 10 | 0  |
| Mrs. Saunders, Clifton .. ..                                                                                  | 0   | 10 | 0  |
| Miss Saunders, Clifton .. ..                                                                                  | 0   | 10 | 0  |
| Mr. Robert Hart, Faceby .. ..                                                                                 | 0   | 10 | 0  |
| J. Appleyard, Esq. .. ..                                                                                      | 0   | 9  | 0  |
| The Rev. F. H. Morgan, Guisbrough ..                                                                          | 0   | 6  | 0  |
| Mrs. Chapman .. ..                                                                                            | 0   | 5  | 0  |
| Mr. J. A. Robinson, Carlton .. ..                                                                             | 0   | 3  | 0  |
| Miss Mathwin .. ..                                                                                            | 0   | 2  | 6  |
| Mr. Geo. Stephenson, Stokesley .. ..                                                                          | 0   | 2  | 6  |
| Miss Doughty .. ..                                                                                            | 0   | 1  | 0  |
| Two Servant Maids .. ..                                                                                       | 0   | 1  | 0  |
| Proceeds of Bazaar, Sept. 1st, 1877 ..                                                                        | 172 | 10 | 0  |
| Carlton Church Choir .. ..                                                                                    | 2   | 10 | 0  |
| Collecting Box .. ..                                                                                          | 1   | 5  | 6  |
| Six Offertories in Church .. ..                                                                               | 30  | 4  | 7  |
| Offertory in Ayton Church .. ..                                                                               | 6   | 6  | 6  |
| Proceeds of the day, laying the Founda-<br>tion Stone (Sept. 10th, 1878—<br>including £10 from Mrs. Reeve) .. | 51  | 6  | 0  |
| Proceed of Concert given at Stokesley<br>by the Carlton Church Choir ..                                       | 8   | 10 | 0  |

|                                         | £    | s. | d. |
|-----------------------------------------|------|----|----|
| Proceeds of day of opening, March 13th, |      |    |    |
| 1879 .. .. .                            | 35   | 0  | 0  |
| The Rev. G. Sanger (book-binding) ..    | 30   | 0  | 0  |
| Incorporated Church Building Society    |      |    |    |
| grant .. .. .                           | 50   | 0  | 0  |
| Diocesan Church Building Society grant  | 41   | 0  | 0  |
| Sale of old material .. .. .            | 4    | 10 | 0  |
| COLLECTING CARDS.                       |      |    |    |
| Mr. Eyles .. .. .                       | 2    | 6  | 0  |
| Miss C. Mello .. .. .                   | 2    | 0  | 0  |
| Miss H. Moore .. .. .                   | 1    | 17 | 0  |
| Mrs. Welford .. .. .                    | 1    | 10 | 6  |
| Mr. W. W. Johnson .. .. .               | 1    | 10 | 0  |
| Mrs. Thompson .. .. .                   | 1    | 0  | 0  |
| Mrs. Weighell .. .. .                   | 1    | 0  | 0  |
| Mr. W. Hutchence .. .. .                | 1    | 0  | 0  |
| Mrs. Bush .. .. .                       | 1    | 0  | 0  |
| Miss Bush .. .. .                       | 0    | 17 | 0  |
| Miss Ward .. .. .                       | 0    | 17 | 0  |
| Mrs. Fawcett .. .. .                    | 0    | 16 | 0  |
| Mr. J. Wrightson .. .. .                | 0    | 14 | 0  |
| Miss Amelia Wake .. .. .                | 0    | 14 | 0  |
| Mrs. Smith .. .. .                      | 0    | 13 | 0  |
| Mrs. Wright .. .. .                     | 0    | 11 | 0  |
| Miss Scarth .. .. .                     | 0    | 10 | 0  |
| Miss Stott .. .. .                      | 0    | 10 | 0  |
| Mr. Chapman .. .. .                     | 0    | 10 | 0  |
| Total                                   | £885 | 19 | 1  |

The foregoing list shows how Mr. Sanger had the support of the whole country side and how he gave the proceeds of his book-binding towards the great aim of his life. The new Church was opened on March 13th, 1879 and on October 19th, 1881, late one night the villagers were awakened from their slumbers by the cry of fire. There are, of course, a number living—old Mrs. Wake, Mrs. John Elliott (*nee* Miss Barnard)

Mr. Mello and others—who stood in the Church yard and helplessly watched their church gutted by the ever increasing flames. I have heard vivid description of the scene, how the very hills were lighted up, how the roof fell in with a tremendous crash, how the iron bells, white hot came thudding down into the heap of *debris*. It must have been a sad, sad scene for priest and flock, as, satiated with sight seeing, worn out with heat and excitement, they turned away from their church—a church in ruins. The impressions of that dreadful October night, thirty years ago, have never left those who were spectators, the very smoke is in their nostrils to this day, and they talk of it yet with more or less bated breath. There is no need to reap up the sordid anti-climax of the arrest in London and the charge of incendiarism preferred against the Vicar. There is no need to dwell upon parochial bitterness and rumour. Imagine a tiny parish with many suspicious folk in it, go back thirty years, nay, take the attitude of the average community in a rural parish to-day, towards their parson if they get “a handle” against him. They grip it with a cruel, relentless firmness, they strain and pull unmercifully at the handle till it is distorted, exaggerated and enlarged, and the Devil laughs the while. The parishioners of Carlton had a handle other than the fire against their vicar. He stood at Stokesley police court during the long hours of his trial and not a shred of direct evidence was brought against him in any shape or form. He left the court unconvicted of incendiarism after a searching enquiry, but he was a broken man. For another offence he was inhibited, and if ever man suffered punishment it was he. The world, my masters, is strenuous in preaching repentance but slow in

forgiveness. So the Rev. Geo. Sanger spent his days book-binding, wandering on the hills, and no doubt obtaining that sympathy from Nature which human beings withheld. Was there ever a time when a man, and a priest at that, needed more the outstretched hand and warm heart of a brother ! His church gone, his friends gone, inhibited, disgraced, dragged through the mire, hair whitened with sorrows, a burthened heart—a bruised reed ! He was, we are told, shunned, avoided, not actually physically illtreated, but stabbed to the very heart each time he walked down the village by being made to feel an outcast, a priest without an altar, without a cure, without status—a cipher. Let us hope he found consolation on the hills, amid his books and best of all when he poured out his soul to his Great Judge —

There is no place where earth's sorrows  
Are more felt than up in Heav'n :  
There is no place where earth's failings  
Have such kindly judgement given.

In the November, 1894, Geo. Sanger, priest, went to give an account of his stewardship. He knew of the approach of that calm beekoning angel, we imagine he prayed her to hasten. A week before the end came he sat up in bed and wrote his parting message to his flock and craved permission for it to be posted on the doorway of the blacksmith's shop. There is a wealth of eloquence, of Christian charity, of soulfulness in the good-bye of the dying priest :—

Let us all look upon the past to gather wisdom for future steps, regarding our neighbour's feelings as our own. "Put yourself in his place" is not a bad motto, when tempted to say an unkind word of someone. You may lose, perhaps, a little momentary gratification of revenge, but the sunshine after in your own heart will be—well try it : it can't be described.

The rebuke, the underlying heart-brokenness, the yearning for peace, the outcry of the very soul for affection, touched the villagers, and one by one they turned them to the little vicarage and the eyes of the old priest closed in a greater joy than he had known for years. Again we say *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. His remains are laid near the old Saxon cross with no stone to mark the spot and over the mound falls the shadow of the new church which it would have rejoiced his heart to see. The body of Geo. Sanger, priest, lies there amid the forefathers of the village, awaiting the great day when all graves and hearts and secrets shall be open. Then will his story be fully known.

Jesu      +      Mercy.

## CHAPTER VI.

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# ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY (continued)

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### CONTENTS OF CHAPTER.

REV. J. L. KYLE'S INCUMBENCY.

THE BUILDING OF THE NEW CHURCH.

VARIOUS GIFTS.

THE BELLS.



## CHAPTER VI.

In 1894, the Rev. J. L. Kyle, M.A. (St. Catherine's, Cambridge) was presented to the living. He was vicar of the neighbouring village of Hilton at the time, and came to a parish with a ruined church, amid a people who for fifteen years had been practically without instruction. Not a very bright prospect! you say—but what a field for work! Mr. Kyle saw all the drawbacks, he saw all the possibilities. Strong—physically and mentally—in faith, character and personality, he entered the thorny field, and placed the yoke on his shoulders. If there is any truth in the theory of predestination, here is a case, for if ever a priest was meant for a parish the Rev. John Latimer Kyle was ordained for Carlton-in-Cleveland, and if ever a parish *curé* has been blessed with a help-mate with affectionate sympathy, spurring encouragement, restraining tact, business acumen, and love of Holy Church, the vicar of Carlton has had it in his wife.

Very soon we find him writing in his parish magazine : “The 15 years this parish was without its Church has left its mark on this village, as it has left a gap in a good many lives of want of teaching at a very critical age.”

I can now best trace the development of events which culminated so happily by extracts from the parish chronicle, and would just say as an introduction that the vicar at once set himself to work to build

a worthy House of God in the village. No scheme was too ambitious, no building could be too beautiful. The ideal Mr. Kyle set himself and his parishioners, was that found in the words, "This is none other but the House of God and this is the Gate of Heaven."



Sketch of Carlton Church when nearly completed.

On the first circular appeal issue in 1895, the following paragraph occurred :—

The parishioners, assisted by friends in the neighbourhood, at once began raising funds to restore their church. By means of subscriptions, collecting cards, &c., nearly £1,000 has been raised, and it is now felt that (the parishioners having worked hard themselves) an appeal must be made to those further away.

as the parish is a poor one, and the living small. Owing to the action of the fire and exposure to the weather the walls will require to be rebuilt almost from the foundation. It is estimated that between £1,500 and £1,600 will be required to re-built the church, exclusive of the tower, which will be left until the last. The services now held in the schoolroom are very well attended, thus showing that the people appreciate the church privileges of which they have been so long deprived."

And later Mr. Kyle wrote in an article to "*The Economic Review*":—

When I was placed in charge of the parish in 1895, I inherited the duty of building a new church on a magnificent site. My predecessor was his own architect, and naturally some of the people thought it was rather hard that I would not accept a free gift of plans from a young architect. But the site for the church stands out so prominently as a land-mark that the whole landscape would be disfigured by an unsuitable building; and as the ruins had so long remained a public eyesore, I thought it would only be right to use my influence in trying to get the best of architects. It is, indeed, a rare privilege for a vicar to be allowed to build an entirely new church. The old walls were thin and poor, and on faulty foundations, which had to be completely raked out. The sum required to carry out Mr. Temple Moore's plans was nearly £3,000, for which we were promised a very beautiful church of dressed stone, in fourteenth-century style, with an oak roof; and all the workmanship and materials were to be of the very best quality. The parishioners, after several meetings, came to the conclusion that the parson could have his own way if he would sign the contract and be responsible for the money. This he was glad to do, in order to save the parish from having a hideous structure in brick. The church as it now stands has fulfilled every one's expectations. It is solidly build of stone which, by the generous permission of the Earl of Feversham, was brought from a quarry a few miles distant, but lying in the hills at the height on one thousand feet. A good many of the farmers in this parish and a few from neighbouring parishes, especially the smaller farmers, assisted us by conveying the materials; some would sledge the stone over the more dangerous parts of the road, and others would cart it to the church. By doing this ourselves the contractor was never tempted to put a poor stone into the building."

The vicar, it is interesting to note, was introduced to Mr. Temple Moore when taking duty at St. John's Church, Bilsdale, whither he rode every Sunday afternoon for two years, after doing duty at Carlton. He has always had a warm place in the hearts of the Bilsdale folk, whom he represents on the Rural District Council at Stokesley, and has certainly done a good work for the dale by obtaining for them the two bridges, one over the river and the other at Fangdale Beck. He thoroughly enjoyed the Sunday visits to the beautiful dale during those two years, and it is perhaps worth placing on record that it was a Bilsdale man who led him the first load of stone for the Carlton Church.

In 1896, the Vicar wrote in his parish magazine :—

“ When I came to reside in Carlton last year (1895) the parishioners were very energetic and much interested in raising the money for the restoration of the church, and by means of collecting cards, getting up sales of work and concerts a considerable sum was got together. Great dissatisfaction was often expressed that when the church was re-built in 1880, the parishioners were not consulted. I therefore determined that this time the parishioners should be consulted, and their wishes as far as practicable carried out. A general Meeting was therefore called on August 6th, 1895. It was well attended, and Mrs. Reeve, the patroness of the living, was present. At this meeting it was unanimously agreed to invite Mr. Temple Moore, Architect, who was at the time building a church in the adjoining parish, to meet the parishioners and hear their views before preparing plans. Mr. Temple Moore, the following week, met the parishioners in the churchyard. He was told by them they required a church for 200, with a tower (without a tower, it was

said it would only be a 'chapel of ease'). The old foundations were to be built upon where possible, and no graves were to be touched: but as the North transept was built on graves, and the foundations had given way, this must of course, be remedied.



The South Door and entrance to Baptistry.

. . . The architect, knowing how the parishioners and friends had come so nobly forward to help the parish, which had been 15 years without a church, suggested to the vicar, that if the parishioners would consent to name a contractor, or a local mason and carpenter, he would go through their prices as he had done in a neighbouring church, built by Lord Feversham,

and so save the cost of taking out quantities. The meeting determined they would invite tenders from contractors named at the meeting. When the tenders were received from the contractors, another meeting was held to consider them. The local contractor was £163 below the lowest of the others. The parishioners were not pleased with the tenders, and some said they would like other plans. All that had been done by the architect was to be thrown away, and they would build a church after their own fancy. What use was an architect ! Now it is well to remember that the neighbouring churches of Faceby, Bilsdale and Worsall, were built without taking out quantities, which the parishioners must know are very costly indeed. I implored the parishioners not to force me to take out quantities but saw no other alternative, and was bound to carry out their almost unanimous wish. The church is now estimated to cost, including the tower up to 22 feet, £1,680. This sum does *not* include the architect's fee and the cost of quantities. Towards this sum the trustees (Mr. Wynne-Finch, Mr. G. F. Marwood and Dr. Barnby, Rural Dean) have in Stokesley Bank, £1,216, £63 promised and £100 promised from the York Diocesan Society. The ruins are now being taken down preparatory to building."

On July 20th, a meeting was held in the Schoolroom to arrange for the laying of the foundation stone of the new church on August 20th. The stone was laid in due course, a sealed bottle containing coins of the realm, the local papers of the day, and manuscripts with these words :—

"In the year of Our Lord, 1896, on the twentieth day of August, the foundation stone of the new

church of Carlton-in-Cleveland, in the diocese of York, was laid to the glory of God, by Mrs. Martha Reeve, patroness of the living.

“Psalm CXXVII. I. “Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it.”

Architect : Temple Moore, 46, Well Walk, London.

Contractor : Robert Pickering Brotton, Bilsdale, Yorkshire.

Vicar : John Latimer Kyle, B.A.

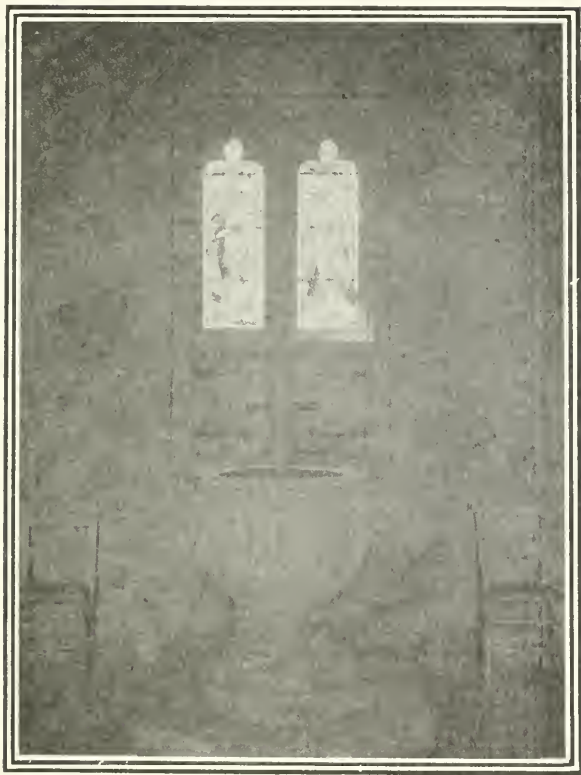
Churchwardens : William Scarth, William Elliot.



The New Church, consecrated October 15th, 1897.

In January, 1897, the vicar wrote : "the greater part of the church is finished, and with God's blessing we hope in the coming autumn to have the church consecrated. I have especial cause for thankfulness to Almighty God for the help and encouragement given me by seeing God's House being restored, and in being pastor of a people who look so joyfully forward to the church being re-built to the glory of God, the shadow of which falls on the graves of many of their loved ones. On October 15th, the (late) Archbishop of York (Dr. MacLagan) consecrated the Church and preached from the text " Seek ye first the kingdom of God." Thus is it described in the parochial chronicle : "the church is situated on rising ground at the North end of the village and is designed in fourteenth-century style of English Gothic. It consists of a nave and chancel, with clerestory under one unbroken oak roof, a West tower (which is only completed as far as the nave roof level at present), North and South aisles and South porch. The lower part of the tower is vaulted over with stone, and forms the baptistry with a gallery above for the ringers. The chancel is paved with blue and white stones placed diagonally. Beneath the sittings the floor is of blocks of wood. The pulpit is of oak with stone steps. The reading desk and lectern are of oak and are lent by Leamington Parish Church. The font is of local stone and bears the text round the top " Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." It is octagon in shape and on the eight sides are carved the Cross, the Breastplate, the Sandals, the Shield, the Bible, the Helmet, the Sword and the Cup. These are illustrative of the Christian armour mentioned in Ephesians. At the West end of the Church is a prayer window having two teak

doors." The idea of these windows (which are often found in the churches abroad) is that those who



The Font and Prayer Window.

are unable, through infirmity or other reasons, to remain the whole service, may listen for a time outside. In olden days they were used for hearing confessions and often for those outside to see the elevation of the Host at Mass. The church is lighted with candles

being most in keeping with the architecture of the church and also safer than paraffin lamps. The candles are placed in coronas and swing from the roof by chains.

In the April of 1899, the parish magazine records :—

“There is still a debt on the church of between £300 and £400 for extras. The tower had to be built higher than was at first intended, both on account of the cold winds and also to ensure safety against fire. This causes us to be obliged to provide beams, &c., on which to hang the bells (as we all hope to have a peal some day). Then in several places the foundations had to be dug to the depths of several feet more than was contracted for in order to make the building safe, the church had to be lengthened 18 inches at the East to escape the Prissick vault, on the wall of which it would not be safe to build. There is the heating apparatus, the vestry and organ screens, and the hanging brackets for the candles.”

The following is a statement of Cost of Carlton New Church :—

|                                                                                                             | £     | s. | d. |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|----|----|
| Nave, North and South Aisles, Chancel and Porch                                                             | 1,660 | 0  | 0  |
| Base of Tower and up to an average of 22 feet which forms West end of nave                                  | 234   | 0  | 0  |
| Surveyor's Fees and Quantities                                                                              | 102   | 0  | 0  |
| Additional work including lengthening of Church to avoid Prissick's vault and extra as per foundation, etc. | 160   | 0  | 0  |
| Leading stone from Lord Feversham's quarry and material from station besides what was led free              | 162   | 16 | 6  |
| Chairs                                                                                                      | 17    | 11 | 7  |
|                                                                                                             | <hr/> |    |    |
|                                                                                                             | 2,336 | 8  | 1  |
| Money collected and deposited with Trustees in National Provincial Bank, Stokesley                          | 2,024 | 2  | 3  |

|                                                      |    |    |    |    |             |   |    |
|------------------------------------------------------|----|----|----|----|-------------|---|----|
| Money still required                                 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 312         | 5 | 10 |
| Cost of Tower from an average of 22ft. to completion |    |    |    |    | 360         | 0 | 0  |
| A thank offering on Xmas morning, 1898               | .. |    |    | .. | 250         | 0 | 0  |
|                                                      |    |    |    |    | <hr/>       |   |    |
| Money still required                                 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 110         | 0 | 0  |
|                                                      |    |    |    |    | <hr/> <hr/> |   |    |

January 1899, saw "a beautiful stained glass window placed in the Church as the Central West window near the font, to the memory of the Marwood family illustrative of the words in the communion office, immediately preceding the *Sanctus*, "Therefore with angels and Archangels." There is a brass plate under the window bearing the inscription "to the Glory of God, In Memory of George Marwood, Frances Anne Marwood, and George Frederic Marwood."

In the same year the Rev. R. Withington, M.A., vicar of Great Ayton, gave the present organ to Carlton Church. It was dedicated on June 22nd and its history will be found in the chapter dealing with the Marwood family. In the November of this year, Mr. & Mrs. Kyle erected a parish room (which remains their private property) in the vicarage garden and here organised lectures on butter-making, and other subjects.

October 29th, 1903 : The beautiful oak Choir Stalls designed by Mr. Temple Moore were dedicated and bear the following inscription :—

To the Glory of God and in memory of John Kyle and Frances Kyle and Francis Horsfall and Susannah Jane Horsfall by their children John Latimer Kyle and Susan Gertrude Kyle, MDCCCIII. The stalls in the nave, forming the kneeling desks

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\* Other gifts which should be recorded are the brass altar cross, two candlesticks and three sets of altar frontals (festal, penitential and Trinity-tide), all by Miss F. Marwood. Mrs. Kennedy gave the handsome beaten alms dish (*not* offertory as so often incorrectly described), Mr. Eyles the oak sanctuary rails in memory of his wife, Mr. Temple Moore two altar candlesticks, and Mrs. H. Selby-Lowndes altar vases. The carved oak organ chamber was erected at a cost of about £80 (the proceeds of a Sale of Work at Busby Hall).

for the two front rows of chairs were generously given by Miss Marwood and Miss Rose Marwood.

May 1904: A brass pulpit desk with candlesticks was placed in Carlton Church bearing the following inscription:—

“Presented to the glory of God and in loving memory of Henry Eyles, churchwarden of this Church, by his children Louisa, Frederick and Arthur, 1904.”

The same month the oak carving, designed by Mr. Temple Moore, had also been completed and placed round the top of the vestry and organ screens adding greatly to the beauty of the chancel.

Oct. 15, 1904: On the seventh Dedication Festival the Rev. E. F. S. Besley dedicated the handsome brass lectern generously given by Mr. & Mrs. Gjers. It bears the following inscription:—

“To the Glory of God. Presented to the Church of St. Botolph, Carlton-in-Cleveland, on the anniversary of the Dedication festival, October 15th, 1904, by Lawrence F. Gjers and Annie G. Gjers.”

Having seen the beautiful church and tower completed Mr. Kyle was not by any means contented. His unbounded energy and zeal for the temple made him eager for a peal of bells. The old cracked bells which had been left blackened and robbed of any tone they may have had by the fire, never rang but he longed for a peal worthy of the church. Frequently when he has rung the old jangle himself for morning service before going hunting the vicar has met the author at the gate (where he has been awaiting his reverence mounting his groom-held horse), and said “I mean to have a peal of bells, please God, in that tower with a patent by which I can ring out a hymn in a morning.” In October, 1905, he seized upon a happy idea and wrote in his parish magazine:—

“ This has been a remarkable year for wheat. Never in the memory of our oldest farmers have we had a better crop, and we intend to give this year a special thanksgiving of a bell, which we shall call the “ Wheat Bell,” as a memento of the great blessing in having such an abundant crop. Nearly all the farmers I have asked have promised me a bushel of wheat or its equivalent. No doubt there are some who cannot see eye to eye with us in trying to raise £654 for bells, but surely for the House of God all should look upon the effort as a great privilege. The Vicar is looking forward with great joy to the day when we shall be able to do away with our cracked bells, and have a peal which we can chime for our daily prayers some well-known hymns.”

So encouraging was the response from farmers in the hunting field and at the cattle mart that he set to work with renewed vigour and wrote to a Yorkshire newspaper :—

“ The tower is a very massive one, with very extensive foundations. There is ample room for a peal of eight bells, and we intend to have Ellacombe’s patent fixed for chiming, and so be ready in case of an emergency, when bellringers may wish to strike, or perhaps get stale over the ringing. We have some £360 in hand. The contract for a full peal of eight to be of the best metal and in perfect tune is to be £806. The public have been exceedingly good, and Nonconformists have been as kind as Churchpeople in giving to this Bell Fund. About 140 farmers and others have contributed bushels of wheat to mark the good wheat years of 1905 and 1906, and where wheat was promised and was not convenient to bring an equivalent was given in money. The peal of bells are not only a reminder of the services, but will be helpful in many other ways ; they will remind us of the kindly help we have received from other denominations, and will show us that deep down in the hearts of our Nonconformist brethren there is

a kindly feeling towards the old Mother Church. The day, I think, is not far distant when we shall all be one in this and the neighbouring parish, and nothing has helped to weld us so much together as the very kindly way in which we have always been helped by outsiders. There are yet hundreds of farmers and other tradesmen who I am certain would contribute a shilling or two to this peal if only to show the love of union they would like to see amongst all denominations. The wheat bell is an accomplished fact, and was brought about simply by one farmer promising a bushel of wheat. A well-known firm of solicitors has kindly promised to enrol all the names of the contributors to the wheat bell on a roll of parchment, and it will form an interesting feature in the history of the church in days to come. A children's bell, too, would form another object of interest. If every mother who reads this would send us 3d., 6d., or 1s. we should soon be in possession of another bell. We are told by some croakers £806 is too much to spend on bells, but what is worth doing is worth doing well, and this church and village are unique. The village is one of the most beautiful in Yorkshire, and with its history is deserving of something very good as regards its peal of bells. This notice of our bells has only to reach the eye of the right man in our large works and shipyards, and there would soon be a penny collection for a workman's bell."

Tuesday, June 3rd, 1908, saw the realisation of Mr. Kyle's hopes and endeavours for on that day the peal of eight bells was dedicated by the Bishop of Beverley. The following are the inscriptions on the bells :—

No. 1.—LAWRENCE FARRAR GJERS.

“ Goodwill to men.”

NO. 2.—ANNIE GATENBY GJERS.

“Whene’er the sweet Church bell,  
Peals over hill and dell,  
May Jesus Christ be praised.”

NO. 3.—JOHN, LAWRENCE AND OLGA GJERS.



The New Peal of Eight Bells.

NO. 4.—STRANGERS' BELL.

“Be not forgetful to entertain strangers.”

NO. 5.—VILLAGE BELL.

“Here will I dwell, for I have a delight  
therein.”

NO. 6.—WHEAT BELL.

“A Thank-offering for good wheat years,  
1905-06.

NO. 7.—CHILDREN'S BELL.

“Heaven lies about us in our infancy.”

No. 8.—A THANK-OFFERING FOR K. F. L. KYLE.

“ God bless Susan, Frances and Frederica.”

The peal is an abiding joy to the whole country side.

Gentle monitors and kind,  
Bringing holy thoughts to mind,  
Even their simplicity  
Has a spell-like charm for me.  
Slowly on the breath of morn  
Is their hallow'd cadence born ;  
Sacred, solemn tones have they,  
Borne on wavy winds away,  
Softly o'er the hills and dells,  
Sounding out our village bells ;  
Calling o'er the fields to me,  
With sweet voices—one, two, three.  
Stealing o'er the upland height,  
How their music brings delight ;  
Whispering in my listening ear,  
“ Praise thy Maker even here : ”

To-day the church at Carlton is well attended, the Eucharist is offered up at the altar with many fervent worshippers to join in the Lord's Own service for the Lord's Own Day, and on the ashes of the past is built a glorious temple where the Catholic Faith is uncompromisingly taught.

## CHAPTER VII.

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# THE PARSON AS A FARMER

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*The hay appeareth, and the tender grass sheweth itself,  
and herbs of the mountain are gathered.*

*The lambs are for thy clothing, and the goats are the  
price of the field.*

*And thou shalt have goat's milk.*



## CHAPTER VII.

“ You know years ago the parson\* was generally one who was bred and brought up in a country village, who would ride and shoot and understand agriculture more or less. He took his day’s shooting or fishing sometimes, had a knowledge and sort of kinship with men of all classes, saints and sinners, who want a friend in trouble.”—“ *Sports and Recreations* by Frederick Gale.”

The Rev. John Latimer Kyle, M.A., priest, builder of churches, sportsman, farmer, owner of a public house, friend of everyone, from the gipsy hawker-horsedealer, up the social scale, is an Irishman and proud of it. Another Irish priest I once knew used to frequently excuse himself—or should I say, account for himself—by the constant explanation “ You must remember Oi’m Oirish,” and similarly one must always take into account a certain temperament peculiar to “ the distressful country,” which Lever so vividly depicts for us in word picture, and which, if sometimes astonishing and impetuous, is invariably charming withal. It is a characteristic of the Irish (and one finds it strong in Parson Kyle) that they are endowed with such tremendous faith and optimism, they never know when they are beaten. This in a lesser degree perhaps, is the possession of the Yorkshireman, who adds thereto a stubborn refusal to acknowledge defeat when it *has* come. A tall man, of fine physique, retaining something of the old courtesy of the days of chivalry,

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\* Parson : derived either from *persona*, because the parson *Omnium personam in ecclesia sustinet* ; or from *parochianus*, the parish priest.—Johnson.

all too rare in these matter-of-fact days, he is at once a personality. That which strikes one at the outset is the very manliness of the man, and the



The Rev. J. L. Kyle—"the farming parson."

atmosphere or robustness—the scripturally enjoined "Quit ye like men be strong"—which underlies all his parochial ministrations and works. Orthodox he is not, neither ordinary nor commonplace—for orthodoxy

often means that—though one must remember that one Bishop said “One man’s orthodoxy is another man’s heterodoxy.” His very dress tells us of a finger-snapping at orthodoxy: the soft shooting hat (or somewhat green Jim “Crow),” the grey suit, (often riding kit), the easy collar and white tie in place of the usual Roman stock, and the heavy boots—are all, to a certain degree, an index to the character of the man. Do you laugh at the lack of the sacerdotal in things sartorial?—he will laugh with you. Do you look astonished when you call upon the pastor to find him in the cow-house or taking a share of the heat-o’-day labour in the harvest field? He will laugh at your astonishment. Do you come to him with light heart and in humorous view? He will join his laughter with yours, his song with your song, and in the exuberance of his spirits give a step or two of a dance. Do you possess the spirit of the over-nice-kill-joy, or wear the Puritanical gloominess of the uncu’ guid?—the Vicar of Carlton will do his best to shock you and will probably succeed. Are you in trouble? Is your heart aching and are there tears in your voice? Are you oppressed or depressed, has this scheme or that great hope been crushed? Is life for the nonce steeped in the blackness of overwhelming clouds? You will find the Vicar so sympathetic a listener, so kindly comforting an adviser, that the burthen is eased from your soul and in future days and future meetings you see behind the great hearted, good-natured, laughing and singing farmer-parson, the priest, who, as brother to brother, heard the confession and out-pouring of your very soul in his study and with wondrous tenderness sent you on your way reinvigorated and refreshed. A dual personality do you

say ? No ! rather a blending of that which is essentially human with the office of the priesthood, the wide outlook upon life which enables him to see that all work, so long as it is honest is honourable, all enjoyment and sport, so long as it is clean, is good for man and intended for his recreation. The nobility of labour is an ideal with him, the snob an anathema. Wealth and position without culture and individuality have little fascination for him, whilst poverty is no bar to the Manor House table. Have I said sufficient to justify the opening sentences of this chapter ? If so I need hardly add that the Vicar of Carlton is possessed of a host of friends, as varied in character as in calling, and that he is one of the best known men in the Shire of Broad Acres. The foregone chapter on local ecclesiastical evolution speaks volumes for the Vicar's work and energy, whilst many a glimpse into his personality will be found in the chapters dealing with parochial incidents and stories.

Let us now look at Mr. Kyle in the capacity of a farmer as described by himself in an article in the *Economic Review* (1906). After speaking of the building of the church he says :—

“ What has all this to do with the small farmer ? Only this, that since these men on their small farms were exceedingly good to me when I was often struggling to pay the contractor, I was in duty bound to show my gratitude when the opportunity occurred. The farms in the parishes of Carlton and Faceby are for the most part of a very convenient and workable type. The average size is from sixty to a hundred acres, and the rent varies from 12/- to £1 an acre ; there is also sometimes the right of stray upon the moor. Judging from the stock, implements, and the homes, the farmers

are all in a fairly flourishing state. For the most part they are self-made men, who have been hinds or servants on a farm, and have saved enough money to start on their own account. They are sober, intelligent, hardworking men, and have, as a rule, remarkably fine families. On seven of these small farms there are some fifty healthy, well-developed youngsters, as may always be expected where the mother nurses her own children. It was a crying shame, some years ago, to pull down old farmsteads or allow them to fall into disuse, as was the case in many parishes; and in one part of my parish there used to be three farms and houses where there is now only one. The result has been that, while the hired lads still live in the house, the number of independent small holders has been lessened. This is a great pity, for they breed a fine and sturdy race of men. For instance, a small farmer's daughter, who had been staying in a neighbouring town with a friend whose father's wages were £2/10/- a week, remarked that they seemed as a family to have very few of the comforts of life as compared with what she had at home on the farm. And sometimes, when we see a young man return from a large town where he has settled down to work, the contrast is very remarkable between him and his strong burly farmer brother. On these farms all the work is done by the family, and there are good markets for the produce.

Since the church has been finished, I, too, have taken to farming my own glebe as well as some other land, and I have no cause to regret taking this task in hand.

For three years we had a series of meetings addressed by lecturers from the Yorkshire College and from the County Council, all of which have been well attended. I was fortunate in securing a room forty feet

by twenty feet, which has been erected in the vicarage garden ; this has been of the utmost service, for it can be used at any time, and as often as required. The first course of lectures was on the management of dairy stock, at which we had an average attendance of thirty people. Practical lessons were also given in butter-making and cheese-making. We also had lectures on poultry-keeping—on one occasion there were fifty-six people present—and on cooking and laundry work.

The lectures on butter-making have been of the greatest assistance, and have taught us how to make the butter of a more even texture, and how to keep it fresh. Constant complaints had been made about the poor quality of the butter made in the district ; and a neighbouring squire, himself a large farmer on a most expensive scale, after testing the quality of the butter made according to scientific methods, asked if he could be regularly supplied with it. To have done this might have brought the parson into bad odour with the tenantry, and so might have upset any plans for trying to bring the parishioners to these lectures ; but an arrangement was made that the squire should first endeavour to get what he wanted elsewhere, and, if he failed, that the parson should provide the butter. An agreement was eventually entered into that the parson should supply ten pounds of butter a week, at 1s. 3d. per pound—a fairly remunerative price. The secret of making good butter is simple enough—proper feeding of the cows, scrupulous cleanliness, and the use of the separator. I feel certain that if more attention were paid to the organization and management of dairy produce, we could easily hold our own in the open market against foreign competitors.

Further, along with other farmers, we send our milk to Middlesbrough. It is a most unfortunate fact that in most of our country villages there is a great difficulty in buying milk for local use. Thus, in case of sickness. I have often found that the very kindest gift to some of my parishioners is a small supply of good milk, or, where they do not care to accept it as a gift, to let them buy it daily for a time. Indeed it is simply astonishing to watch the effect of a regular supply of really good milk in promoting the recovery of health and strength : and, as might be expected, such little acts of kindness reap a great reward of gratitude and goodwill towards the parson amongst his people.

No land seems to be so badly farmed as the glebe, for, as a rule, it is let to people who have other fields in hand. It is too often the parson's glebe that gets robbed first,\* and is rapidly cropped to death. The reason for this may be that it has been let without any stipulation that it should be treated like other farms, according to strict scientific rules. Or it may be let at a very low rent owing to the bad farming of the tenant who has run down the land, and does not fear he will be called to order. For instance, when I became vicar of a neighbouring parish, and paid a visit to my tenants, it was immediately suggested by one of them that, as the new landlord, I would of course repair the fences ; and it was intimated further that, if I did not do so, there would be no rent for the current half-year, as the rent would be kept to pay for the work. But when I told him that I would rather take the land off his hands at once, and that I could not afford to make him a present of the half-year's rent he resolutely declined to give it

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\*For further evidence of this cheating see "*The Recreations of a Country Parson*" (Chap. I.), by Rev. A. H. K. Boyd.

up. He endeavoured to explain to me that of course the Ecclesiastical Commissioners would repay me for any loss incurred ; but, whatever may have been the case with my predecessor, I was not easily misled by this



Another view of the Manor House (the land attached to which Mr. Kyle farms).

ridiculous but very common assumption. It is scarcely credible, but in fact all my six tenants complained of the land, though when I offered to take it in charge myself, not a single one of them would give it up.

I would suggest that every possible means in our power should be adopted to develop and improve both the amount and the quality of the labour engaged in our villages with the exceedingly important object of trying to retain as many people as possible on

the soil. In my own case, for example, I find that I can keep four men regularly employed on the vicarage farm and garden at remunerative work ; and though wages may not be so high as among artisans in a town, yet there are compensating advantages in various directions. The rent of a cottage is only one-third of what it would be in a town ; and happily country life is becoming less dull and monotonous than it used to be. The farm hands are not kept at work for such long hours as in the past, and a good all-round man can earn £1 a week, in addition to his cottage, all the potatoes he requires, and a pint of milk a day. However, it is easy to understand how a country lad is tempted to seek employment in the town when he sees the mason's labourer knock off work at five o'clock, and his mate from the town ride out on his bicycle on the weekly half-holiday. One of my parishioners told me the other day that he was giving up work on the farm, not that he disliked it, but, as he said, " You see, sir, I know when I am done on the road, after certain fixed hours, and I have half a day off each week : but on the farm you are never done." Therefore, if we are to retain our lads in the village we must, at least, give them their regular half-holiday every week. Of course, this may reasonably be curtailed at seasons of high pressure, during hay-time or harvest ; but I am convinced that if the average labourer is well treated, and is allowed, as a rule, his half-holiday during the cricket season, or when he can be conveniently spared, he will more than make up for the apparent loss by putting more heart into his work at other times. Certainly, I have found that this policy is completely justified, even from the commercial point of view, by the actual results.

In promoting this new development of country life

and work, my own experience has shown that the country parson has a great opportunity, which, to my mind, is also a great responsibility. He is pastor, not only of the soul but the body too; and both "cures" are meant to co-operate in the national task of educating a healthy, vigorous and God-fearing people. By providing facilities for wholesome and rational amusement on the one hand, and, on the other, by setting an example in the direction of scientific methods of agriculture and dairy-farming, the country parson can supply a much-needed stimulus towards the revival of British agriculture, and the maintenance of our sturdy race of yeomen. For example, during the winter we have a regular dance once a month in the vicarage room, which is greatly appreciated by the sons and daughters of our small farmers; and in so far as the parson can share in the common lot of his people, through his own experience of the farms and losses of practical farming, he is all the more likely to be of real service to them in their deeper joys and sorrows\*."

As may be gathered from the foregoing, Mr. Kyle is a strenuous advocate for small holdings, and in a series of articles the author wrote as The Special Commissioner of *The Yorkshire Post* on this subject, he made the following allusion to the views of the Vicar of Carlton and to his parish:—

In the parishes of Carlton-in-Cleveland, and Faceby adjoining, besides the other farms, there are some eighteen small holdings, letting from £3 to £4 an acre. One holding of 18 acres is at present let to a widow at £54 10s. a year, to which must be added the rates and tithe, which bring the total rent up to £59. Once there was a rumour that this place would be to

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\* Writing to Mr. Kyle some time ago Canon Carter, of Pusey House, said that in his opinion it was almost essential for rural clergy to be in touch with the land.

let, and there was quite a number of applicants for it, despite the high rent. Says the vicar of the parish : " These small holdings, in spite of high rents, are of the greatest advantage to the occupiers. Thus in one case, within my own knowledge, a tenant has brought up some sixteen children, the wife and children working the holding of eleven acres, while the man has been engaged as a general labourer." It is, indeed, a great pity that these small holdings are not multiplied in number. I am well aware of the cost of buildings ; but perhaps when a large farm near the village becomes vacant, which has been let at about 15s. an acre, some of this land might be offered in small lots of four or five acres to those who have small holdings, and who would not require new buildings. Even if the land had fallen into a poor state of cultivation, these small farmers would soon bring it round again and would in time erect any extra buildings which might be required for their purposes, as in fact has taken place under my own eyes. It would be a great economic advantage if more of the land near our villages was cultivated to a higher degree than it is at present ; and this could be done by giving the small holders a better chance of getting hold of the land, so that more labour might be brought into requisition."

Mr. Rider Haggard in his *Rural England* seems to have very accurately grasped the very spirit of the farming of the farming parson. He says :—

" In the course of my long journeyings throughout England, nothing has struck me more than the great power for good or evil than lies in the hands of the clergy in their respective parishes, a power by no means limited to matters spiritual. Here far away in Northern Yorkshire, I found an instance of clerical energy. The

Rev. J. L. Kyle, the Rector (*sic* Vicar) of Carlton-in-Cleveland and Faceby, is an enthusiastic agriculturalist and one who, by that best of all methods, example, has set himself to show his parishioners—of whom the bulk are small-holders—the way to make the most of their land. Mr. Kyle asked me if I could see any harm in the fact of a clergyman spending his spare time in farming. I answered that I wished none of them did less wholesome things. In the case of Mr. Kyle it is, moreover, clear that agriculture does not exhaust his enterprise seeing that he has entirely rebuilt his parish church, with the result that, although it is small, I know of no other new church which surpasses it in excellence of design or workmanship. Still the clergyman who farms must expect criticism, although the general judgement of the community is perhaps summed up in the words with which one of Mr. Kyle's parishioners concluded an argument on the matter: "Well, I can say he's a useful sort of man, our parson—if you have owt to sell he'll buy it."

There is no reason to offer anything in the way of apology for Mr. Kyle's agricultural propensities. He admits that some priests who do not have their "farming" days and "hunting" days may be able to spend a greater amount of time in their studies,

Wordsworth seems to agree:

' Books ! 'tis a dull and endless strife,  
Come hear the woodland linnet !  
How sweet his music ! On my life  
There's more of wisdom in it.  
One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach us more of man,  
Of miral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can."

but he questions if they can assimilate what they read when leading a sedentary life. "God made the body as well as the soul and mind," says the parson, and I find I am much more fitted for reading and study after the recreation of the open air, after being on the farm or in the saddle and I am perfectly certain one can meet the little worries and pin-pricks of life much better when one plays a part in the robust side of life. Often do I thank God for all my health, for all the fun I have had, and it is that health and fun of life which has often made it possible for me to restrain myself from an angry word or from saying something which might have caused "a row." I have listened, and bitten my tongue, but not being a worn-out, dejected study sitter, I have held my peace." The late Archbishop of York was once told by Mr. Kyle that he had won a prize with a draught of cart horses and the aged prelate was not only interested, but, so to speak, gave his benediction to the farming of the Carlton priest by adding to his congratulations the words "This is all in the pastoral life."

As I have already remarked the farming parson gets not a little harvest festival sermonising and invariably gets right to the very heart of his congregation by his sympathy and practical knowledge of the difficulties of those who till the land. From the *Hull Times* of September last year I cull the following account of a sermon he preached at Leven-in-Holderness:—

"The preacher spoke on the words, "The valleys also shall stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing" (Psalm LXV., verse 14), and at once secured sympathetic attention by his vivid description of his own emotions as, standing on his own farm, he recognised the manifold works of God in the pros-

perity surrounding him, and gladly yielded his grateful thanks for the special blessings of this record year.\* How many of his hearers would mark their gratitude by putting their hands in their pockets and helping their poorer neighbours or their employees to thank God to the extent of a new suit of clothes or a few days at the seaside, or, at least, an old-time harvest supper, with a dance at the end ? The labourers, of whatever grade—harvesters, stockmen, domestics, wives, children—all who by their loyal whole-hearted efforts had done their level best to secure the fruits of a prosperous season—even down to the little lass in the kitchen—were worthy of grateful consideration. The man who could not see this was not worth twopence as a master, and if masters and men could realise that their daily character and conduct towards each other were part of the features of God's great harvest, we should hear less of strikes and class bitterness."

The foregoing reference to the treatment of farm labourers reminds me that Mr. Kyle's farms enable him to give work to not a few in the village, and he is frequently asked by town clerics to take one of their flock, who is in ill-health, or anxious to emigrate to the Colonies. The clergymen of the town invariably imagine that no skill is required in agriculture and anyone can be set to work on the land without training or experience. It is customary for town's folk to look down upon the ruralist with patronising pity, which they are somewhat surprised to discover reciprocated, for when the town boy comes into the country to work on the land he commands a much smaller wage and has to be watched with hawk-like eye for some time. "He's nobbut a towny" the York-

shire folk say in explanation and excuse of ignorance and mistake. Mr. Kyle has had some of these townsmen out on his farms to recuperate health and strength, but as he once said in my hearing "I can't employ them or they'd either kill all the stock with over or under feeding or be killed themselves." The Vicar, however, does not find the casual labourer very satisfactory but leans with natural affection towards his "cousins" as he is pleased to call them. He says that he finds the Irish labourer far more easy to deal with, and once remarked to the author "I have given many men "on the road" work, out of feeling of pity, have put up with their incompetence, and given them 3s. 6d. a day, but they soon tire and depart." Continuing, the farming parson said that his experience of the out-of-work townsman is that he doesn't want hard work—for hard work it is during the busy seasons on a farm—but wants his money at the end of two or three days, leaving the farmer in the lurch at a critical period of the harvest and the crop. "There is no depending upon them," said the sporting and farming vicar, "and there is no satisfying them: it is grumble and complaint the whole day, and nothing is more disheartening to the farmer and his willing workers than to hear continuous complaints." Regarding his fellow-countrymen, Mr. Kyle, on the same occasion said:—"They are willing, cheerful, grateful and dependable. In my opinion, we farmers in the North owe much to them, and would get on very badly without "Paddy," who is willing to sleep in an outbuilding, to provide himself with food, and work the live-long day."

It follows almost as a natural sequence upon Mr. Kyle's interest in agriculture and the agriculturalist

that he should have revived the old-time Rogation Day observances in his parish. The author was present on the first occasion when the service of the blessing of the crops and flocks took place, after a lapse, it must have been of centuries, in Carlton parish and was deeply touched by the beauty of the simple procession. One recalls that in the reign of Edward VI



Rogation-tide Blessing of Crops at Carlton.

and of Queen Elizabeth, when all other processions were forbidden, the Rogation, or Perambulation days, were enjoined as witness the following (1559):—

“The curate . . . at certain convenient places shall admonish the people to give thanks to God in the beholding of God’s benefits, with the saying of the Psalm CIV. “Benedic, anima mea,” at which time he shall recite this and such like sentences—“Cursed be he that translateth the bonds or doles of his neigh-

bour," or such other order of prayer as shall be hereafter appointed."

Regarding this 1906 revival at Carlton the author wrote the following note descriptive of the service :—

"The farming parson"—the Rev. J. L. Kyle—did not let Rogation Day slip by in his beautiful little Yorkshire parish of Carlton-in-Cleveland with the mere reading of the Collect appointed for the day. He revived the old, and at the same time interesting, service for the perambulation of the parish, and the blessing of the crops and flocks. Rogation Sunday is essentially farmer's Sunday, and a parson who has in his hands two farms, as well as the care of an agricultural parish, might be expected to have a warm place in his heart for the service appointed for this day—one of the most impressive, and, withal, one of the most appropriately placed in the church kalendar. So foregathering at the church—which has perhaps one of the most romantic histories of any in England—his parishioners, whether Churchmen or "Methody," or as they say in Yorkshire "nowt at all," made their way through the village, headed by the suppled choir, singing "Onward Christian Soldiers." The Sunday cyclist from the surrounding metropoli of Middlesbrough, Stockton, and elsewhere dismounted in wonderment. But wonderment turned into interest, and interest gave way to worship as the procession swelled in volume *en route* for the fields.

Here, amid the singing of birds and the music of Nature, the choir chanted the Benedicite Omnia Opera, "O! all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever." The sun shone out responsive, and the sheep in surrounding fields bleated as the sounds echoed and re-echoed

among the hills. This was the burden of the service, "Let the earth bring forth her increase." The Vicar explained the meaning of the observance, dwelt upon its beauty, and how it had degenerated, where not altogether obsolete. Several fields were passed through and prayers said, together with the singing of hymns. The adjoining parish of Faceby was also visited ere the service terminated."

Well is it that the priest in so essentially an agricultural part of the world as Carlton and Faceby should delight in the land and in the company of those who till it. Great is his interest in them, close the affinity—so close indeed that often when I have accompanied him on the way to meet hounds I have frequently had to remonstrate with him and tell him we should be late if he *would* insist on stopping to converse with every farmer we met on the road and sometimes with those working a field off. He is farming all the time as he rides along, noticing this man's sheep, and that man's turnips, this young horse and lamenting a strand of barbed wire somewhere else. How the farmers appreciate the interest and deep enthusiasm of the Vicar of Carlton was marked when he was at his wits end to get money for the church, and later when he appealed to them for support for the "Wheat Bell" already mentioned. Yes! he has a warm place in the hearts of Cleveland farmers has the Vicar of Carlton-in-Cleveland, and not only with the farmers, but with the labourer, the horse copper, the hawker and the gipsy. The face of each lights up with a smile at the Carlton curate's\* hearty greeting. It is something to go through life with the power of creating even the passing happiness of a smile. It was

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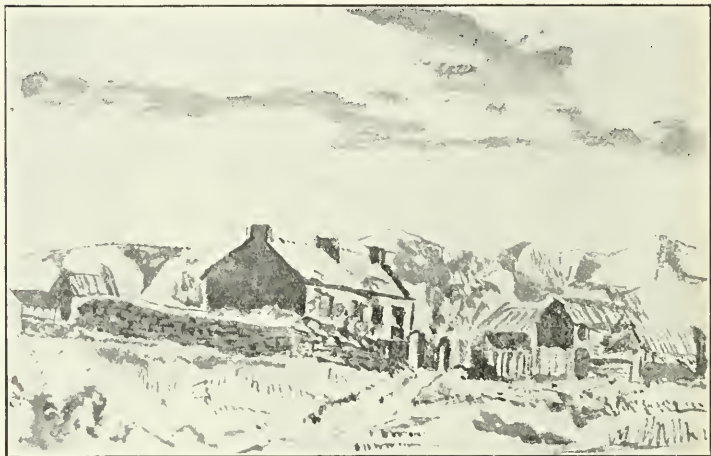
\* Curate: Rector, Vicar. everyone having *cure* of souls, was a curate once: Thus "bishop's and *curates*" in the Liturgy.—Dean Trench.

Henry Ward Beecher who said "Carry yourself as an orange tree would if it could walk up and down in the garden, swinging perfume from every little censer it holds up to the air." Washington Irving noted this lack of questioning in the country as to whom one should speak to and whom one should not, and his views are almost identical with those of our unconventional parson. You may not know your Washington Irving's *Sketch Book* or you may have forgotten his remarks on Rural Life. In either case the following lines are worthy of repetition as bearing upon the subject of this chapter.

"In rural occupation there is nothing mean or debasing. It leads a man forth in scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders of rural life as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders in the city. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank and to enter into the honest, heart-felt enjoyments of common life. Indeed the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together; and the sound of the hound and horn blend all feelings in harmony."

Not only does Mr. Kyle farm his own glebe and the land attached to the Manor House, but he also has a Hall Garth Farm, which is most beautifully situated on the top of the hills in Raisdale, where Lord Feversham is the landlord. I remember the farm when he took it—poverty stricken and growing little else but weeds,

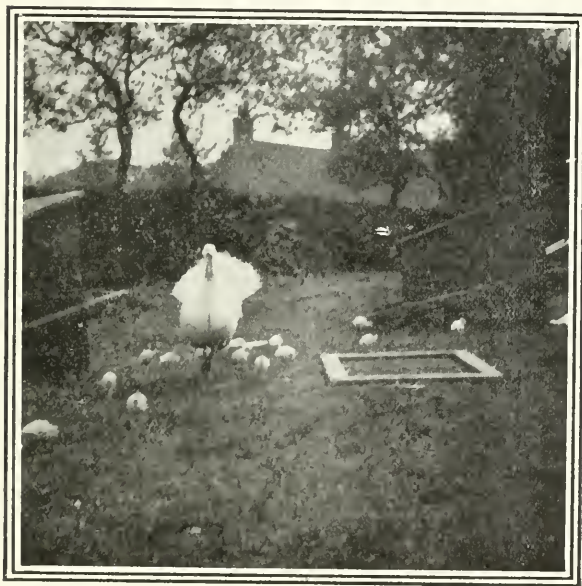
now it is a testimony to his interest, care and capability. The Manor House and Hall Garth are worked in conjunction, cattle and sheep being brought down to the former to "finish off" and horses being sent up "to



Hall Garth, in Raisdale, farmed by Mr. Kyle. (From a sketch by Mrs. Kyle.)

the top" for the summer's run. I have not space, however, to deal further with the parson as a farmer, but this part of my book would not be complete without reference to Mrs. Kyle's poultry farming. Her white turkeys are known far and wide and sittings of eggs have been sent all over England, whilst she has won many prizes with her other fowls and is looked upon as quite an authority on the science of incubators, and rearing and feeding poultry, of which she has twenty-one distinct breeds. She takes a deep interest in all her husband's agricultural concerns, and often-times have I heard her say with no small

pleasure on sitting down to a meal—"nearly everything on the table is home grown, the mutton, the potatoes, the cream, the butter, the wheat from which the bread is made and the eggs in the pudding."



One of Mrs. Kyle's feathered families.



## CHAPTER VIII.

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### THE PARSON'S "INN."

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*"I am an innkeeper and know my grounds,  
And study them. Brains o' man I study them.  
I must have jovial guests to drive my plough,  
And whistling boys to bring my harvests home  
Or I shall hear no flails thrack."*

*—Kenilworth.*



## CHAPTER VIII.

And now we must glance at the Vicar of Carlton-in-Cleveland in regard to his ownership of and influence over the Fox and Hounds Inn in the village. In the face of the views of the Puritan, the extremist, and a certain section of the Temperance party (who make, not *temperance* but total abstinence a *sine quâ non* of Heaven) for a parson to take into his own hands an inn is a bold step. Mr. Kyle took that step and has never had cause to regret it, morally and socially.

In a pamphlet before me "*Why I keep a Public House*" the Carlton *Curé* says:—

"Next to the Vicarage is the "Fox and Hounds," an old-fashioned country inn. Sunday was the day on which there was, as a rule, the greatest number of visitors at the inn, who came from the large towns about twelve miles distant. They came, not to admire the beauty of Nature, but to drink, and were very often rowdy in the extreme. The language they used was really not fit for young people or children to hear. For the public-house this class of customer was the one that drank the most. It was for me to watch my opportunity and see what could be done to remedy this state of affairs. I knew that to speak of trade on Sundays would do no good, but I also knew

if I could become owner of the house I could, in time, abate this rowdyism, and in some way improve the Sunday. After about three years the opportunity came, and I seized the chance, which was to be taken then and there or lost for ever. Just to show how these houses were then sought after, I could have sold it to another publican for a profit of £400.

My solicitor said : " If you close the house somebody else will open another, and you will be no better off than before." I allowed the old tenant to remain in it at a low rent—in fact, at a rent which let him the house as a private dwelling, giving him every chance to make a decent living without forcing the trade. Pigeon shoots were still often held, which did not always bring desirable customers. After this tenant left I took the inn into my own hands, with the determination to have a quiet Sunday. I paid the manager a good wage, the wages being quite independent of any intoxicants consumed, a small percentage being given to him on all food, tea, and coffee sold. The chief features of the house are that tea and food are got ready willingly and cheerfully at the shortest notice, and that only a certain amount of beer and spirits is sold to any one man. The manager shall not drink with the customers, or in any way encourage the sale of intoxicants. I found that the house would be better closed on Sunday, so I asked my manager and solicitor to appear before the magistrates and ask for a six days' license. This both manager and solicitor would not do, as they thought it the extreme height of folly to throw away some £250, as the value of the property would depreciate to that extent. I then appeared myself in court and got the six days' license.

Everyone knows that if any good work is ever to be done in this complex question of drink, there must be some self-sacrifice, thought, and care and no money has ever been better spent than in closing this house on Sunday. People see that the parson is willing to sacrifice something for his convictions, and the rowdy



The Vicar's Inn—the Fox and Hounds.

element soon leave off coming to a house where they are not encouraged to drink, and where drunkenness is not made easy. Our Sundays are now altogether different from what they were some years ago. The respectable working man, as a rule, does not now care to ride out on his bicycle simply for the sake of drink. No doubt there is a wave of temperance spreading over the country, and men are only too glad to take tea or other non-intoxicating beverages when they are as willingly given as other drinks. The village inn of old days—before brewers' companies bought up property of this

kind to turn into drinking dens simply to make a dividend for the share-holders—were, as a rule, well conducted, and formed the club of the village. In the Fox and Hounds Inn to-day there is still a flourishing benefit club, from which members receive so much a week when ill. They meet, as a rule, once a month now, to pay their club-money and to spend a social evening.

Say what temperance reformers will, men always have and always will frequent the village inn on independent lines to argue out their own views and for social chat. “Since the days of Noah,” as the judge at Durham Assizes just held said, “there was drink, and there would be to the end of the chapter. “Crime,” he said, “was slightly on the decrease, which was, no doubt, due to the exemplary way in which many publicans had conducted their houses.” If our country inns, which are of great use and accommodation to the country, are to remain wholesome, surely they are better in people’s hands who do not want to run them simply for the sake of a dividend !

I am well aware that to manage an inn the right man must live at it, and a great deal of tact and foresight is required. I have found at my own inn good working men, who perhaps have been inclined to spend more than they should, and have shown them the folly of so doing, and they, on another occasion, have thanked me for saving them from themselves. The working-man is no fool, and soon knows who is his best friend.

Advertisements for intoxicating drink of any kind we do not put on the walls. Nor do we have a “snug,” but a well-lighted, clean, pleasant room, with a good fire. When I first bought the house, naturally, some good people were up in arms, now however they see the

value of it, and even strong teetotallers can see that an effort is being made to stem the tide of drink at no small expense and trouble. We try and provide the best beer\* and spirits, and do our best to limit the quantity. The manager is a teetotaler, and his influence will tell in time.

Here a young man can buy his bottle of "pop" and remain as long as he wishes of an evening without being thought mean. I am sorry to say that most of the inns in neighbouring villages are now in the hands of companies, whose chief reason for buying them is to increase the sale of drink.

Some may say "Why not close the public-house?" but we find to-day that clubs, where men are allowed to drink until morning, are much more to be dreaded than respectable public-houses. Even here, at one time, there was a club where men met for gambling and sitting up late at night. The police have no supervision here as they have over an inn. Drink is one of our great social evils, and, no doubt, the best way to counteract it is to bring up our children as far as we possibly can not to know the taste of it; but at the same time it is a pity to neglect places where men have always, and will always, meet.

Let us try as far as we can to improve such places. It is no use to stand aloof and call them names. Let owners do their part, and encourage good tenants when

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\* It would seem as though this part of Yorkshire was ever noted for good beer. In a poem "*In praise of Yorkshire Ale*" (see Ingledew's "*History of Northallerton*") written by Giles Normington in 1697, the following lines occur:—

Mistake me not, custom I mean not tho',  
Of excessive drinking, as great rauters do,  
For that would turn a great wit to a sot—  
I mean the merry quibbling o'er a pot,  
Which makes dull, melancholy spirits be  
For critics and great witts good company.

Northallerton, in Yorkshire, does excell  
All England, nay all Europe, for strong ale.

they have them to remain, and make it worth their while to conduct their houses in a respectable manner. Let us, wherever possible, retain our old inns to do the work they were meant for—providing refreshments for man and beast.”

Scores of letters has the parson-publican received from all classes and all creeds, some encouraging, some condemnatory, some amusing in their fanatical bigotry, a few insulting. The Press has almost un-animously looked at the objective circumspectly and given its approbation thereof. A few quotations from the columns of Northern Newspapers are not only interesting but essential to the completeness of this chapter, inasmuch as they give the opinions of thoughtful men of the world, whose mission is to criticise. One interviewer wrote :—

A picturesque village, with grey gables and red tiles and lime washed walls, painted on the black side of Busby Bank, among the Cleveland hills. A tiny brook ripples garrulously along the sidewalk through the village street, under gnarled elm trees and past a magnificent cedar of Lebanon, that has stood for centuries.

One may sit and smoke a clay pipe on a five-barred gate in Carlton-in-Cleveland without causing a crowd to collect, and the parson may pass in and out the portals of the village “public” without exciting wrath, or even provoking comment. As a matter of fact, the Rev. J. L. Kyle, vicar of Carlton-in-Cleveland and Faceby, is the landlord of the village inn, the old Fox and Hounds. “I have tried a reading-room. It didn’t draw, and I bought the public-house. Somehow there is something home-like about an old inn which does draw, and the villagers come and get a book out of my library to read over a bottle of “pop” or a glass of ale or cider.”

The observation was made to a representative of the “North Mail,” who visited the vicar on Saturday at his residence the picturesque of Manor House. This charm about an old inn which endears it to the heart of the villager may be indefinable, but it is not less real on that account. The vicar of Carlton

has the faculty of insight and the virtue of sympathy with the human habit, which are sometimes lacking in clergymen.

The mountain would not come to Mahomet, and so Mahomet has gone to the mountain. If there is anything on the mountain worth getting, it is worth going for.

"It's only a common-sense way. If you want to battle with the divil, you must go where the divil is," said the vicar, who is an Irishman.

"Did the parish approve?" inquired the interviewer.

"Not at first. One of the villagers told me I was going to hell!" said the parson.

But the villagers are with the parson now, to a man. Since Mr. Kyle came to Carlton-in-Cleveland, a wonderful change has taken place in the life of the village, and the people—Church of England and Dissenters alike—pay a high tribute of praise to the vicar of the parish.

The Fox and Hounds Inn adjoins the old vicarage to which Mr. Kyle came 15 years ago, when the parish had a vicarage, but no vicar, and no church.

Though at first protesting against the unusual course taken by the parson, people—that is, common-sense, rational people—quickly began to perceive that he was carrying out a real work of temperance and reform. The village life, which had become tarnished began to recover, and Carlton is once again the sweet picture village of Cleveland, with a Sunday of peace and restfulness. It is not for any monetary profit that the public-house is being run. "Indeed, before this the village inn would probably have passed into the hands of one of those syndicates which pay fabulous prices for licenses, and then can only pay a dividend by forcing drinking," commented Mr. Kyle, who added that he had refused what by others would have been regarded as tempting offers.

Numbers of correspondents have reproached the vicar for identifying himself with the drink traffic, but the late Archbishop of York does not oppose the bold reform which has been so successfully undertaken.

The vicar of Carlton, besides being pastor and publican, farms the Manor Farm, and if you ask his reason for devoting himself to the handicrafts of his parishioners, he will tell you that he wants to know his people seven days a week.

"You must enter into the life of the country if you want to help the country," is the axiom which inspires him to action."

Now witness the following from "The Watch Tower" (a *Nonconformist* journal!!) for August, 1902.

#### AT THE VICAR'S PUBLIC.

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On the Wednesday following the school treat, Miss Walker took her class and their friends, in all about twenty, to Carlton, where they spent a really delightful afternoon and evening. Tell it not in Gath! A Young Women's Class had tea at—we forget the sign, but at a public-house. Let not our readers be shocked if they have not already learned that there are different kinds of public-houses, it is one of the things in store for them. Oh! no, it is not a teetotal house, but a *bona-fide* "public." Quite enough for the teetotal doctrinaires we know. The Vicar of Carlton runs this house and he is not a doctrinaire. He is a broad-minded practical man. He believes that in closing with an enemy and actually grappling with it is likely to yield more than mere theorising and denunciation. No one has any interest in selling intoxicants in that house and every inducement to make it a house for the public; where inhabitants or visitors, without danger to their morals may get rest, social intercourse, and refreshment. It is an experiment which all whose ideal upon temperance have not been subject to fermentation will wish well to. The girls enjoyed their tea, the Vicar and their own minister joining them. Then they made for the "tops," coming back with something of the poet's ecstasy in the sublimity of the sunset as seen from the summits. Next they found their way into the garden and returned with fine handfuls of roses and other flowers. It was a time of natural festival. Some were amazed that they should not have seen this lovely village, though so near to Middlesbrough, before. We do not wonder that the girls could not be got to leave this Eden until close upon nine o'clock, or that their teacher weakly yielded to them."

Last year (1911) Mr. Kyle addressed the C.E.M.S. at Jarrow and a local paper commenting upon his remarks on temperance reform said:—

Something approaching the "perfect pub" is to be found at Carlton-in-Cleveland. There is nothing incongruous, at all events

in accordance with the older conception of the two institutions, about the personal identification of a parson with a "pub." In the old times, church and ale were very closely allied. The monks were the leading brewers, and in our day we know that within a stone's throw of nearly every old church there is an inn. Our ancestors were good attenders both at the church and at the inn. They probably had in mind the exhortation in Romans, Chap. 15, verse 7: "Wherefore receive ye one another," the observance of which led them to buy each other's ale in Christian fellowship. Nowadays the majority of licensed houses, thanks to meddling legislation and restrictions of one kind and another, are designed more for drinking than for fellowship, and the reformed public house is yet anything but an ideal with earnest temperance reformers who realise the ineffectiveness of coercive measures beloved of the prohibitionists.

A church and an inn in close proximity suggest resentment of puritanical interference. The one ministers to the spiritual needs of man and the other to his material requirements, and as has been aptly said "each in its own way has its lesson to teach us in the gospel of the larger life." We know that the cultivation of the virtue of self-restraint is a lesson which the Christian religion teaches, and it is true, as Mr. H. P. Maskell and Mr. E. W. Gregory say in their interesting work, "Old Country Inns," that where there is no temptation there can be no victory. And thus "the Church enjoined on our forefathers the duty of feasting heartily and fasting conscientiously each in their due season." Church ales were an institution of the Mediæval Church. After the Reformation the proceeds of the sale of ale enabled churchwardens to repair the fabric of the church, and where there were no rates for the poor "the Church ale of Whitsuntide did the business."

The well-managed inn of former days, when the landlord, a word, by the way, which comes to us from the period of the manorial inns, about the fourteenth century—personally supplied the wants of his customers, to all of whom there was a hospitable welcome, was greatly to be preferred to the comfortless dreary long bars of our day, which seem to have been designed specially for what is popularly known as "perpendicular drinking." The modern publican has never been encouraged to make his premises suitable for social intercourse, or to help in the work of real temperance because of the exactions of the law. He is,

moreover, never free from police supervision, and his customers, resenting espionage, have started clubs in all parts of the country, and are there free from intruders, at liberty to drink at hours when the public houses are closed. Therefore the harassing of the publican is not calculated to lessen the drinking habits of the people, but to accentuate them. I'll warrant the parson's "pub" in Cleveland is a safer place for young men than a club would be."

After these quotations the author must add that during one hunting season he had rooms and stabling at the parson's pub and can fully endorse all that has been said by the writers quoted as to the wholesome influence and conduct of the Fox and Hounds which is almost, if not literally, a similar institution to that which at one time existed some years ago at the neighbouring village of Great Ayton over the doorway of which was the legend :—

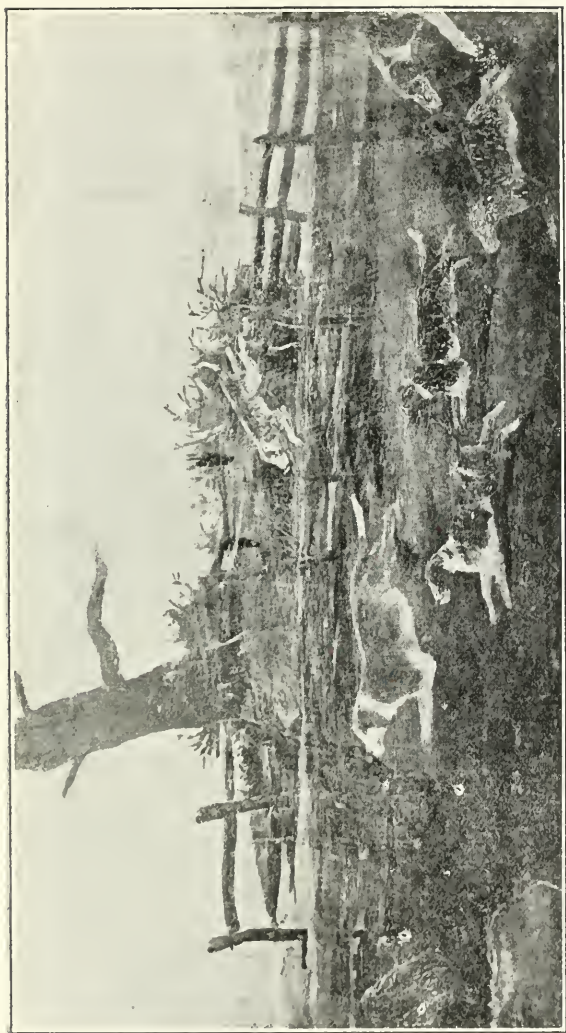
A public house without the drink,  
Where men may, sit, read, talk or think,  
Then safely home return.

Over the doorway of the Fox and Hounds swings a most appropriate sign painted by the Vicar of Carlton's wife

Somewhat of a prototype\* of Mr Kyle must have been the Rev. Robert Walker, one of Wordsworth's heroes, who held the "living" (of £5 a year) at Scathwaite in the Lake district. In his brother's name he took out a licence, and in the bar parlour at the parsonage did a good business without offence to the cloth. He was a foe to intemperance of any sort, drunkenness was unknown among the villagers, who were content to pay the parson 4d. a quart when they could get it elsewhere for 3d. Walker was priest, schoolmaster, lawyer, doctor, farmer, auctioneer, spinner, inventor and aleseller.

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\* See also note in chapter "Parochial Varia" for reference to an assistant priest at Lastingham, Yorks., who years ago kept the village inn there.



**RALLYWOOD    VAGRANT    NIMROD    BETSY**

The Fox and Hounds Inn Sign, painted by Mrs. Kyle.



## CHAPTER IX.

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# FACEBY

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### CONTENTS OF CHAPTER :

CHURCH AND LOCAL HISTORY.  
THE SUTTONS AND MORRISONS.  
LOCAL LEGENDS AND BELIEFS.



## CHAPTER IX.

The pretty little village of Faceby lies, like Carlton, at the foot of the hills, a mile or so from the last-mentioned village. The present Vicar of Carlton has also been *curé* of Faceby since 1898 when he wrote in his parish magazine :—

“The two parishes are so interlaced both as regards distance and proprietorship that the work can be conveniently done by one vicar. The one church is complete, suitable, free from debt, well kept and looked after. The other church has yet much to be done before it was well furnished and complete. Our good Archbishop is pleased with the arrangements for working the two parishes together. May God give me more patience and understanding in the added work now set before me.”

Mr. Kyle followed the Rev. George Prowde, who died in 1897 and to whose memory a memorial window is to be seen in the church. The dedication of which was thus recorded in the parish magazine together with some particulars regarding the late vicar's work :

“On September 30th, 1898, a memorial window erected by public subscription to the memory of the late Rev. George Prowde was dedicated. The late Mr. Prowde was appointed vicar of Faceby 1866, consequently at the time of his death, July, 1897, he has been vicar 31 years. When he was appointed the church was in a very bad state of repair, there was no vicarage house, and the living was worth about

£60 a year. He straightway opened three subscription lists and by grants from different societies and money he collected about £4,000 was raised, of which £2,000 was spent in re-building the church and building the Vicarage, and £2,000 was invested to raise the living from £60 to £110, its present value. The window consists of three lights, the central subject being "the Crucifixion, with St. Mary Magdalene at the foot of the Cross." The left light is the figure of Moses as representing "the Law" and Old Testament, while the figure on the right is that of St. Paul, representing the Gospel and New Testament."

The Rev. George Prowde, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge, was the second of five sons of John and Mary Prowde (*née* Longstaffe) of Loftus-in-Cleve-



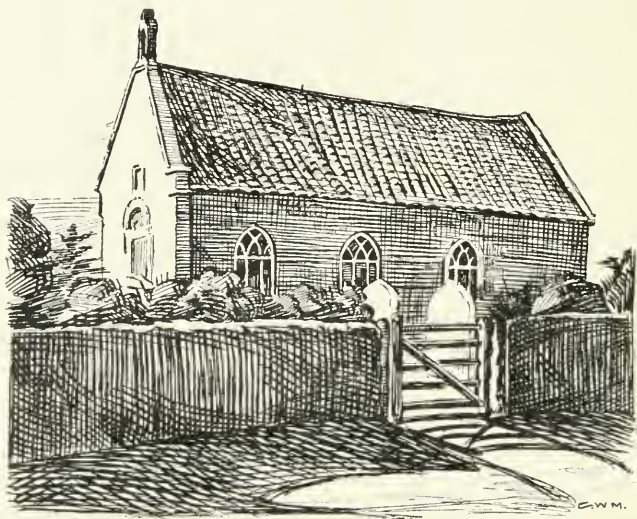
The late Rev. Geo. Prowde, for 31 years Vicar of Faceby.

land, all of whom received a University education and of whom four took Holy Orders and one became a member of the Medical Profession. One of his two sisters became the wife of Mr. Richard Nightingale, at that time owner of the Faceby Lodge estate.

The family of Prowde, or Proud, was located for many years at Danby-in-Cleveland as land-owners. The Vicar of Faceby's father was for some time in the Civil Service (Inland Revenue), but on his health breaking down he had to betake himself to commercial pursuits. It was he who permanently adopted in later life the spelling Prowde of his name for sufficient reasons after the hearing of a case before a Judge in Chambers. He was a remarkable man of excellent judgement and sincere piety, attached to the Church of England, and his whole life was lived for the welfare of his children. The bodies of himself and wife and those of two of their daughters lie in the Longstaffe portion of Easington Churchyard, and there is a tablet to their memory in that Church placed by their surviving sons. An oak lectern also commemorates their memory, whilst Mr. Longstaffe was the donor of the ancient chalice of Easington Church.

The future Vicar of Faceby was educated at Sedbergh Grammar School and at St. John's College, Cambridge, of which foundation he was a Scholar Exhibitioner and Prizeman, and was placed for the B.A. degree as 11th Senior Optime. He was ordained as Curate to the Rev. Joseph Hughes, the minister of a proprietary Chapel now called St. Ninian's at Whitby. In connection with Mr. Hughes he started and carried on for some years successfully a School for boys on Grammar School lines. After Mr. Hughes' death he became Curate of Whitby under the Rev. W. Keane, with charge of the hamlet of Ruswarp, where he resided and took pupils. In the year 1866, he accepted the benefice of Faceby-in-Cleveland, where he continued to his death in the year 1897. The income of the benefice was only about £50 a year at

the time, and there was no glebe house. Here he did excellent work for the Church. The building itself was a mean barn-like structure, but not without traces of fine Norman architecture. By persistent



Faceby Church in 1866 before restoration.

effort he was enabled to raise a sum of over £3,000, contributing several hundreds himself, whereby a plain but more Church-like building was erected, a convenient Parsonage built, and the living raised to about £110 a year. His own duties being very light he was generally serving some other Church, and he continued to take a few pupils. His great hobby was agriculture, and at one time he possessed a small but fine herd of cattle. He was for many years a Guardian of the poor, Vice-Chairman of the Stokesley Board, and after the death of Mr. J. J. Emerson, of Easby Hall, he was for some time Chairman of the Guardians.

He was a straight-forward and upright man, much beloved by his people, a diligent and painstaking Parish Priest, and the Church prospered under him, and though no notice was taken of his work by his superiors, he was never heard to utter an impatient word, and his own failure to receive promotion never induced him to dissuade anyone from taking Holy Orders.

He was a bachelor and his remains lie in a churchyard commanding one of the fairest views in all Cleveland.

The Rev. J. C. Fowler informs me that "Faceby Church originally dated from the 12th Century. When Mr. Prowde rebuilt it, a generation ago, the interesting West Norman doorway was most regrettably pulled down and rebuilt in its present position on the South side. Norman carved stones were also built into the chancel arch on the East side. The present font is undoubtedly the base of a churchyard mediæval cross. The top is simply hollowed out to hold water. One would like to see this interesting relic restored with a shaft.† During the recent extension of the chancel, several pre-Conquest and early Gothic sculptured stones were discovered and are preserved in the Church."

Graves referring to Faceby Church in 1808, said: "The Church, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, is a plain and humble edifice of small dimensions and contains no monumental inscriptions worthy of notice. There was formerly within the Church an ancient monument, with an inscription engraven on brass, to the memory of Sir Lewis Goulton,\* Knight, who came into England with the Conqueror, and performed

† The cross is to be restored and fixed on the stadium (immediately in front of the New Chancel), on which it is proposed to hold open air services.

\* See "History of Alkboro' Parish Church" by J. Goulton Constable.

great acts of valour at the battle of Hastings, where he was knighted and had the Manor of Goulton\* and other estates given him by the King. The inscription has been stated to us to be curious and is now in possession of Christopher Goulton, Esq., of Highthorne, near Easingwold, a copy of which, notwithstanding our most solicitous applications, we have not been able to get." Graves then proceeds to give a list of later day Curates :

1715 : Robert Warton.

1730 : John Hudson, nominated by Sarah Prissick.

1736 : William Deason, nominated by Cotherington Prissick.

(Also curate of Whorlton, Carlton and Osmotherley)

1792 : Thomas Deason, nominated by George Sutton, Esq.

Prior to 1835, churchyard was unconsecrated, but in that year Archbishop's license was obtained. Graves surmises it was a donative parish exempt from ecclesiastical jurisdiction and disagrees with Ecton who says it was in the parish of Carlton.

The same authority records for us the terms of an old charity which obtains in the village :—

Anthony Lazenby, merchant taylor, and citizen of London, a native of the parish, desired by will bearing date 20th Sept. 1634, the sum of £50 to the Minister, Churchwardens and Overseers of the poor of Faceby, for the purchasing of lands in fee simple, the rents and profits and which to be laid out in bread and distributed weekly among 12 poor people inhabitant within the same parish, to be elected by the said people : that is to say, to every one of the said 12 poor people, one penny loaf upon every Sunday or Sabbath Day for ever. The over-plus (if any) arising from the yearly rent of the said lands to be given and parted between the Minister, Churchwardens and Parish Clarke of the said parish for their trouble in distributing the said bread weekly for ever.

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\* Between Faceby and Potto.

John Wright, the Faceby sexton, once told me regarding this charity that the loaves of bread are taken to church each Sunday morning "Hooiver they're ower proud ta cum for 'em" he said. Wright is quite a



Faceby Church, built by Rev. G. Prowde's efforts.

character. In his early days he used to be a jet worker and recalls some interesting reminiscences of days when the Cleveland hills were the occasion of far more gambling speculation and ruination than ever horse racing has been to Clevelanders since. John has been sexton for fifty years, and another story which comes to my mind as I write is of a request made to him by a sorrowing mother not to toll the bell for her dead child as the knell would be too harrowing.

John is not indued with hyper-sentimentality, and in relating the incident to me he said "Ah've rung t' bell fer fifty years an' Ah nivver heeard o' sike a thing afoor. It's nowt but prahd (pride)." I once knew a Tyke who said wearing collars was 'nowt but prahd' but *he* added "an', ya knaw, tha cost ivver sa mich gettin' weshed." Speaking of the bell tolling reminds me that on one Sunday morning in his early youth, John rang and rang and better rang, but for some reason no parson turned up. Nowadays he likes to see some sign of the Vicar before he begins "ta pull." This, too, he explained to me by saying "Ya knaw yan dissn't like ta be made a feal on, and Ah pulled fer nowt *yance*."

August, 1910, saw a new chapter of history opened at Faceby, for on this day the foundation stone of the new chancel was laid. The following account of the day's proceedings was written by the author in the columns of a local newspaper :—

"This is the House of God and the Gate of Heaven, and it shall be called the Palace of God." August 6th at Faceby was set apart for the showing forth of this great truth. A foundation-stone of a new chancel was laid—not for the glory of man, not for the glory of the building, but to the glory of God, Who is the Church on earth. In the early days of Christian worship in England, when the beautiful abbeys were built, the chancel was erected first, so that the Holy Eucharist might be celebrated daily whilst the remainder of the edifice was being completed. God, and His worship, and His glory was the first consideration—provision was made first for Him, and for His altar, and then, but not till then, was man's comfort provided for. The most beautiful work, the costliest paintings, the

finest windows, were all found in the sanctuary. It was the centre of all worship and teaching, till the days of wretched Puritanism dragged the organ, pulpit and choir stalls forward to obscure the altar as much as possible and make the House of God more a "preaching place" than the home of the Seven\* Sacraments. Saturday's service was pregnant with the underlying thought that nothing to be offered to God can be too beautiful or too expensive. The foundation-stone of a new home for—a home more worthy of—the Blessed Sacrament was to be laid. It was a great occasion—an occasion to be made much of; indeed, an occasion of which too much could *not* be made.



Procession to the foundation stone laying.

\* Seven, not two.

A portion of the choir of St. John the Baptist, Stockton, drove out to sing the musical portion of the service. They vested in the church, and from here processed to the outside of the building. The little thurifer and boat boy\* headed the procession, wafting sweet incense, which symbolised the prayers of the people, rising to heaven, as the prophet says: "And in every place incense shall be offered in my name, and a pure offering."† The processional cross—the saving sign of our Redemption—followed with attendant acolytes bearing torches. All these wore festal red cassocks and lace trimmed cottas. Behind came the choir and priests. The hymn, "The Church's one Foundation," was sung on the way, and then followed the set service. The Vicar (Rev. J. L. Kyle, M.A.) read the lesson, the Vicar of Stokesley (Rev. R. Fisher) and Canon H. Martin, also taking part. The whole picture was in a setting of wondrous and impressive dignity and magnificence. All round were the Cleveland Hills—such hills as provoked the Psalmist to write the most perfect poetry ever penned—the fruitful vale of Cleveland stretched out to them, with here and there a church tower raised up—all silent witnesses to the one great truth: "All Thy works praise Thee." Mr. J. S. Sutton, venerable in age, and one of the most regular worshippers at the church, very reverently laid the foundation-stone "in the name of Father,

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\* Andrews, when Bishop of Eley, used in his chapel "two candlesticks with tapers, the daily furniture for the altar, a cushion for the service book, silver and gilt canisters for the waters, and a *little boat* out of which frankincense is poured, a triangle for the water of mixture."—Prynne, *Canterburie's Doome*.

† "Its use is mentioned in the last prophetic book of the Old Testament as one of the New Covenant. The birth of the Fore-runner was announced to his father when "his lot was to burn incense," a singularly inopportune moment from the Puritan point of view. One of these significant gifts offered to our Lord at His birth was incense. In the Revelation an account is given of the ideal worship of the redeemed, by one, who more than any man, had opportunities of knowing our Lord's mind upon the subject, and how the worship he describes is again ritualistic; and the use of no less than twenty-eight 'bowls' of incense is mentioned, etc., etc."—See "*The Parson's Hand Book*."—Rev. Percy Dearmer.

the Son, and the Holy Ghost." Very fittingly, the choir sang, as an act of praise and worship, Winchester's "Te Deum," at the end of the service, and the hills seemed to echo in unison: "We praise Thee,



After the foundation stone laying. Rev. J. L. Kyle in foreground.

O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting." An ancient vesper\* was then sung, kneeling, to a tune by Mr. T. N. MacBenn (St. John's organist), who played the organ, and the choir and clergy wended their way back to the church, still maintaining the keynote with which the service had opened: "The God of Abraham Praise," All that man can do to make God's service glorious is, at the best, poor, but he

\* May all the dead, who sleep in Christ, be perfected in Thee.  
May all Thy Saints and all Thy Church pray day and night for me;  
And may Thy Blessed Holy Name be praised continually.

*can* give his *best*, and this was the endeavour at the foundation-stone laying at Faceby on Saturday. It was announced that the collection had amounted to nearly £70. In a few months, the first Eucharist will be celebrated. and, week by week, as the great sacrifice is ended, we pray that the prayer of each one will be :—

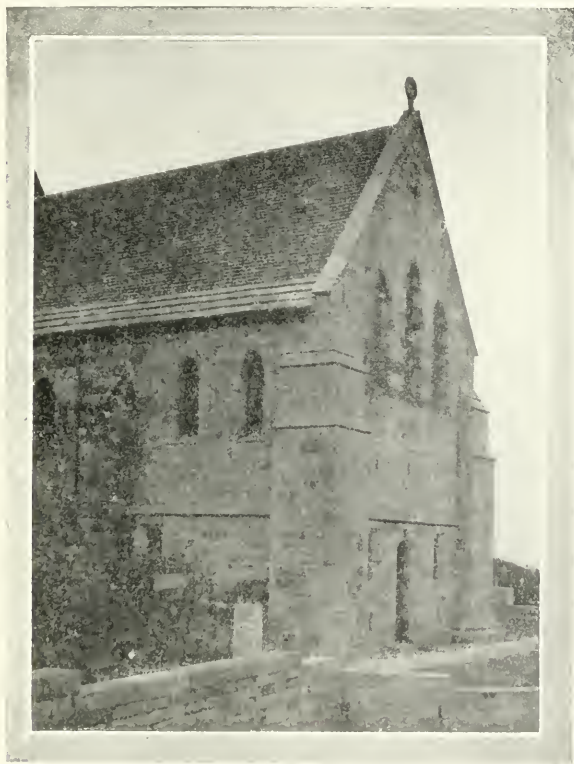
And now our Eucharist is o'er,  
 Yet for one blessing still we plead :  
 That we may daily strive the more  
 A Eucharistic life to lead.

Then, indeed will “ thy prayers ascend like sweet incense.”

The chancel is built of local stone to Mr. Temple Moore's plans, and shows the architect's wonderful powers even more than Carlton Church, for here his task was more difficult. The addition of the chancel has given a dignity and character to the church which it erstwhile lacked both externally and internally. Its appearance as one approaches the village from Potto is quite Cathedral-like, as it over-looks the Cleveland vale, standing proudly on its elevated site. None the less impressive is the addition from an internal point of view. The chancel is separated from the nave by an oak screen with massive doors surmounted by a wood beam, on which is a plain cross. The original design shows the figures of the Blessed Virgin and St. John, and it is to be hoped these will be added.\* The choir stalls are also of oak, as is the new altar which includes re-table. An

c \* There can be no doubt that the most appropriate position theologically, as well as the most impressive, for the Rood or Crucifix, is the ancient place on the chancel screen, or, when there is no screen, on a beam running the chancel arch. and . . . nothing can be more impressive than the use of one large Crucifix on the screen or beam. Figures of St. Mary and St. John were generally placed on either side of the Rood.—Rev. Dearmer.

ambry\* and piscina† are included in the scheme and the architect has evidently had in his mind the possible erection at some future time of side altars. Mr. Temple



Exterior of the New Chancel at Faceby.

Moore is antagonistic to the Puritanical idea which dragged the organ and pulpit to prominence in the House of God to the discount of the altar, which has always been the centre of Catholic worship. The author

\* Ambry : a recess in the Sanctuary Wall in which the Sacred Vessels are kept, and sometimes the Blessed Sacrament reserved.

† Piscina : an aperture in the Sanctuary Wall for the purpose of reverently disposing of the water used for rinsing the purificators, etc. It was usually furnished with a *finestella* or credence shelf.

has been in many churches in various places, but he has yet to find a chancel more architecturally beautiful than that at Faceby. Solid, simple, dignified, no attempt at anything trivial in the way of cheap carving, no fanciful colouring—a massive, wonderfully proportioned, roomy chancel, relying alone on its own merits—that is all.

The village of Faceby in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we learn, came into the possession of the Prissicks on the death of —Mann, Esq. They sold it to Edmund Bunting and William Sutton, Esqs., of Stockton . . . A considerable portion of the parish was in open, undivided common fields, till about the year 1749, when it was enclosed under an Act of Parliament : in which it was provided that a certain yearly rent should be paid to, and accepted by the impropiators in lieu of all tithe, great or small, that might be claimed for the said allotments.

The Faceby estate is now the property of Mrs. Morrison (*née* Miss Sutton), and it will be interesting to glance for a moment at the genealogy of the ancient Northern family and their connection with Faceby.

John Stapylton Sutton, born Nov. 23rd, 1832. Married 26th April, 1855, Sarah Jefferson, the youngest daughter of John Charles Maynard, of Harlsey Hall, co. York.

Lineage: George Sutton, of Thornborough, N. Riding made his will, 1640. He left two sons John and George.

The elder, John Sutton, Gent., Thornborough, had with several other children, a son, Thomas Sutton, Esq., born 1657, of Stockton and Hartburn, married 1693, Rachel Jefferson, of Elton, and had a son, who was Wm. Sutton, Esq., of Elton, Hartburn and Faceby, born 1701, married 1737, Mary, daughter of J. Watson, Esq., Stockton, and had issue.

I George, his heir.

II. John of the H.E.I.C.S. born 1737, died 1792.

I Mary, who married 1757, Charles Bathurst Sleigh, Esq., of Arkendale. co. York, the eldest son of Wm. Sleigh, Esq., of Stockton, by Mary his wife, daughter and co-heir (with her sisters Jane, wife of William Turner, Esq., of Kirkleatham Hall, and Frances) of Charles Bathurst, Esq., of Clintz, Skutterskelfe, and Arkendale, M.P. for Richmond, great-great-grandson of Robert Bathurst, younger brother of Edward Bathurst, of Staplehurst, ancestor of the Earls Bathurst). The issue of the marriage of Charles Bathurst Sleigh and Mary Sutton was :—

William Sleigh, of Stockton and Arkendale, Lt.-Col. 83rd foot, born 1758 ; married Ann, daughter and heiress of J. Ward, Esq., of Billingham, died 1825.

I. Mary Sleigh, married 1800, to Rev. Thomas Allanson, of Heddon, Northumberland. No issue.

II. Elizabeth Caroline Sleigh, married 1800, to John Hutchinson and had issue amongst others :—

George William, heir to his great uncle, George Sutton, Esq., of Elton.

William Sutton, Esq., of Elton, died 4th April, 1769, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son :

George Sutton, Esq., of Elton, J.P., born 26th June, 1769. He married in 1780, Grace, youngest daughter of William Horsfall, Esq., of Storthes Hall, W.R., Yorks, and died on February 4th, 1817, at the advanced age of 82, without children, bequeathed his estates to his grand-nephew :

George William Hutchinson, born 17th October, 1801, who assumed the name of Sutton and married in 1824, Oliva, 2nd daughter of Hy. Stapylton, Esq., of Norton, and had issue :

William George, born 18th July, 1827, died June 1, 1854. John Stapylton, Esq.

Mr. J. S. Sutton, or as he is known throughout the North, 'the Squire,' now resides at the Vicarage at Faceby, and despite his great age is more active than many men forty years his junior. He is one of the most genial and kindly men in all Cleveland, and, withal, one of the most popular, though during



Squire J. S. Sutton.

the last year or two he has kept pretty much at home, and neither his fellow members of the Stockton County Bench nor of the Board of Guardians have seen his familiar Scotch cap and gaiters and received his hearty hand shake.

In 1843, we find Squire Sutton hunting with the South Durham as "a kid on a pony." He has ever taken the deepest interest in the Sedgefield country, and its pack, and in Squire Ord's *History of the South Durham Hunt*, I find frequent allusions to him and his son. In January, 1878, no fox being found at Oxeye, "the master then gave the word to go over and give Squire Sutton a call at Elton, and see if that magnificent specimen of the old English sportsman had a fox in his preserves. We had hardly entered the genial Squire's Park when a welcome halloa was heard." In 1881, he was appointed one of the managers of the South Durham Hunt, of which his son "Mr. George W. Sutton now became a regular follower. He is thus referred to in "*The Lay of the South Durham Hunt*."

We must not forget the young Squire of Elton,  
 (Whose ancestor's fame in verse is oft dwelt on):  
 He's get up's too sombre—we'd like something  
 cheerier;

For what could look better than pink on Siberia?

Siberia, was a grey horse which is mentioned in Jack Bevan's (first whip to the South Durham) reminiscences of Mr. Geo. Sutton:

"A nice, quiet rider was Mr. George Sutton, son of the Squire of Elton, and a very good gentleman for promoting the interests of the hunt amongst the farmers. He never went in for horseflesh very strongly on his own account, but he was always to be seen out on a Friday, and his knowledge of the country served him well.

He was invariably to be counted amongst those at the finish of a long run. He had a clinking good grey horse called Siberia, not perhaps a beauty to look at, but a very hard staying sort, that won a race or two at Sedgefield, and happened an accident at the Steeplechases which put an end to his hunting days. This would be in the early eighties." If I remember rightly on one occasion when Siberia ran at Sedgefield only three horses went to the post, all of them being greys. The winner was Broadlea, owned by Bob Ayre and ridden by my good friend Mr. John Brown, of Marton Common, Kirbymoorside, who, with his brother Willie, used to frequently swoop down on the Sedgefield and Wetherby Meetings and carry away a fair share of plunder. The "Young Squire" has now given up hunting, but he still retains his interest in the Sedgefield Race Meeting and in that at Stockton, where the Elton Stakes and Faceby Plate is annually run for. These races were so named in honour of Squire Sutton, who has for many years been on the Race Committee on which Mr. Geo. Sutton now sits.

Squire Sutton's eldest daughter married Mr. Martin Morrison, who bought the Faceby estate from his father-in-law. Mr. Morrison was a considerable colliery owner, and the son of Mr. James Morrison, of whom the author of "*The Pioneers of the Cleveland Iron Trade*" says—"His title to distinction is higher than that of many a man who has made a much greater noise in the world. If the somewhat trite aphorism that the man is entitled to honour and does a good work who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, then is James Morrison worthy to stand on the highest rung of the ladder of fame. In a quiet and unobtrusive, but none the less effectual, way,

he initiated many economical reforms that have had more than merely tentative advantages ; no man has been more intimately connected during the last forty years with the iron trade in the North of England than he. Born in 1806, in Glamorganshire, South Wales, he was of Northumbrian parentage, he had much experience abroad and whilst in France invented an ingenious process for purifying small coals by washing out the impurities with which they are mixed. This residue had hitherto been burned at the pit mouth, and thousands of tons of "duff" were thus wasted. Mr. Martin Morrison's father saw his opportunity and "the whole of the despised and rejected material from Earl Durham's collieries were placed at his disposal on merely nominal terms." Coke was made of this by Mr. Morrison who made large contracts to supply his product to iron masters. The result was the inventor quickly amassed wealth, established works at Coxhoe, Thornley, Wigan and Staveley and became the largest coke manufacturer in the world." No one could compete with him, far less undersell him, so that he was almost without a rival. In 1859, he commenced the Ferryhill Ironworks, and five years later he amalgamated his interest in these and other works with the owners of the Rosedale estate.

About the year 1860, Mr. Morrison and his partners (Mr. George Leeman, M.P. for York and Mr. Alexander Clunes Sheriff, M.P. for Worcester), acquired the Rosedale estate and large adjoining royalties of ironstone which proved a tremendously remunerative speculation. Mr. Morrison also owned collieries in Northumberland. Mr. Martin Morrison inherited much of his father's business acumen, and though so much

concerned with the noise and bustle of commerce, it was the quiet life of a country gentleman which most appealed to him. Fond of his model farm, adjoining Faceby Manor, of his gun, of his thoroughbreds and



Faceby Manor.

rural pursuits generally, he soon won his way into the hearts of the Cleveland folk amongst whom he lived. He died in the February of 1900, and the Vicar paid the following tribute to his memory in the parish magazine :

“It is sad to record the lamented death of Mr. Martin Morrison, Squire patron and Churchwarden of the Parish of Faceby. He filled so large a sphere in the Parish that we can scarcely believe he is gone from us. He has left so many reminders in what he has accomplished. His model farm, which gave men life and labour to the parish, bespoke his thoroughness in what

he did, and then his many, many, thoughtful kindnesses to all—generous to a fault he was to the poor and any struggling tenant. Nature had been kind to him, and whatever he took in hand he excelled in. He was ever glad to forgive an injury, a true peace-maker and nothing delighted him more than to share his pleasures with others. His was always an open house, and we, as a parish, will never forget the shooting season, for all shared in the sport and many a one who could not afford a day's shooting will miss him. How anxious he was on the moor that every beater, from the youngest boy, should be thought of. Well may the dale's people say "we never saw the like of him before." How intensely he loved "the bairns" as he so often called them. Every child in the parish was thought of two or three times a year, either by present or party. Never was the one who was more anxious to help the church with his money and his kindly words of encouragement to the Pastor of the flock. He was aged 47."

Faceby lies under the shadow of Whorl Hill (locally Wurl-hill), which may be seen for miles around and which adds not a little to the picturesqueness of the Swiss-like village. "Whorle Hill" says Surtees, "has probably been a military position in the time of the Romans. It is a conical eminence detached from the general range of the Cleveland Hills. Its surface is very irregular, and on the top oblong from North to South. The highest point is the S.E. extremity, where there are three larger excavations, in which artillery seems to have been planted, directed towards Carlton Bank. There were some sharp skirmishing here in the Civil Wars, and, in addition to the Roman treasures of Whorle Hill, some broad

pieces of gold of the Commonwealth are said to have been found here." In the Rev. J. C. Fowler's interesting brochure on "*The Ancient Saxon Parish of Whorlton-in-Cleveland*" he gives the following extract from "*The Gentleman's Magazine*" for 1811 :

"In the Spring of 1810, a farmer's servant, ploughing on the side of Whorle Hill, struck upon an Urn covered with a leather bag, which, on examination, appeared to contain an immense quantity of silver coins, some silver ornaments, a spoon, and lastly some small bars of silver. The leather immediately mouldered away on exposure to the atmosphere ; and the silver urn, which glittered at the first disclosure to the air, assumed an earthly hue : or, as the boy himself expressed it, "all eazed (i.e., decayed) away together." The Urn is said to have been broad like a basin with an ornamented circular edge turned downwards. The whole treasure weighed 2 stones. Most of this treasure was soon after transmitted to the lawful owner, the Earl of Aylesbury, on whose estate the discovery was made. Of the silver ornaments, I can, therefore, speak with no certainty. The spoon had a very short inverted handle, and was deep and broad ; when perfect, apparently about an inch and a half in length and near an inch broad. One of the bars of silver was 3 inches long, three-fourths of an inch broad, and three-eighths thick ; the surface very irregular, and apparently hammered. Many of the coins towards the top of the Urn (which was, I believe, open), had mouldered into dust, and the ground was actually tinged with a blue colour where they had lain ; those in the interior were many of them very perfect ; all those I have seen were of the lower Empire, and of the following Emperors : Constantius, Julian, Valentinian, Valens, Gratian, Valentinian the younger, Theodosius, Magnus

Maximus, Eugenius, Arcadius and Honorius. There were no uncommon reverses ; but I saw some double denarii, and one of Eugenius. I saw altogether in different hands about 150 coins, chiefly well preserved, but several of them chipped at the edge. This was not, I believe, the first numismatic treasure found on Whorle Hill. I have seen a gold Arcadius found many years ago near the same spot, and it is certain that a blacksmith, about 40 years ago, found a golden armilla, or bracelet, lying on a mole-hill."

Speaking of Whorl Hill reminds the author that some five seasons ago he *saw* one of the most remarkable litters of foxes born, of which he has ever heard authenticated.\* The Bilsdale Hounds had met at Faceby and Whorl Hill was the first draw. Hounds soon spoke to a fox which they ran round the wooded hill once or twice before it broke away for the hills. Before half a field had been covered it was "whoowhoop," and on coming up we found to our regret it was a vixen and that she had slipped her young ones—thirteen in number just before she was worried. Inspection later proved that it was well she had been killed for one of her front ankles was in a terrible state of inflammation owing to a brass rabbit-wire (locally "snarl" or "sniggle") which had eaten through to the very bone. She must have been in continuous agony and could not have attended to her cubs properly had they been born under natural circumstances. Some of them were alive, and these George Kitching (then of Swainby, now of Broughton) wrapped in his handkerchief and put in his pocket intending to find some one with a cat with "kittlings," and get her to rear them. Another fox was found

\* "The average number is about six or seven in a litter, though there are several instances of a vixen having as many as nine, or occasionally twelve or thirteen."—Tom Smith, ex-Bramham Moor Huntsman. See "*A Hunting Catechism*."

shortly afterwards, and hard riding George forgot about the cubs as he crashed through great ugly fences on the old horse, which I fancy he called Dick, and on which he once beat the writer in a point-to-point race. The little life the cubs had in them was all shaken out.

Whorl Hill also has a legend which Parkinson\* inaccurately attributes to Sexhow.† The legend runs :

“ Upon a round knoll at this place, a most pestilent dragon, or worm, took up its abode ; whence it came, or what its origin, no one knew. So voracious was its appetite, that it took the milk of nine cows daily to satisfy its cravings ; but we have not heard that it required any other kind of food. When not sufficiently fed, the hissing noise it made alarmed all the country round about it ; and, worse than that, its breath was so strong as to be absolutely poisonous, and those who breathed it died. This state of things was unbearable, and the country was becoming rapidly depopulated. At length the monster’s day of doom dawned. A Knight, clad in complete armour, passed that way, whose name or country no one knew, and, after a hard fight, he slew the monster, and left it dead upon the hill, and then passed on his way. The inhabitants of the hamlet of Sexhow took the skin of the monster worm and suspended it in the church, over the pew belonging to their hamlet, where it long remained a trophy of the Knight’s victory, and of their own deliverance from the terrible monster.”

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\* See “ *Yorkshire Legends and Traditions*.”

† Sexhow has a tremendously interesting legend told to the author’s father years ago, and also, I fancy, included in Henderson’s *Folklore*. It is the story of a witch named “ Awd Nan, of Sexhow,” who, after death, appeared to a Sexhow farmer and informed him of the whereabouts of some treasure-trove. The silver he was to keep for his own pressing needs, but the gold he was to hand over to a niece of the witch who resided at Stokesley. The spirit promised to appear at the end of one year for the farmer to give an account of his actions. She did so appear, and, as the conditions had not been fulfilled and both gold and silver had been kept, she jumped up behind him on his horse at Stokesley, and, seizing hold of his throat, gripped tighter and tighter till he fell dead at his own door.

## CHAPTER X.

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# PAROCHIAL VARIA

*“Variety’s the very spice of life  
That gives it all its flavour.”*

—Cowper, “The Task.”

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### CONTENTS OF CHAPTER :

PAROCHIAL STORIES AND INCIDENTS TELLING  
OF YORKSHIRE VILLAGE LIFE, CHARACTERS  
AND SUPERSTITIONS.



## CHAPTER X.

Once when Mr. Kyle and I were out hunting, I introduced him to that quaint character Bob Abbot, of Thimbleby. In the course of conversation his reverence asked Bob if he knew a certain dalesman, to which the veteran replied “*knew* him ! Ah s’u’d think Ah deea, him an’ me yance faate for tweeca hoors.”

“ You and he once—— ? ”

“ Wa faate ” reiterated Bob. Seeing Mr. Kyle’s blank look, he said “ Wa fitted—can ya understand noo ! ” Then we all three laughed heartily.

Glancing over my diary I find a note of a sermon he preached one Sunday in the November of 1905, from which the following is an extract :—

“ I don’t like to hear people say “ I’s e not a Methody —I’s e a Chetch man,” when they never come inside the Church or gave a brass farthing to support it. I wish to goodness some of them *were* Methodys, but they’re too greedy—it’s too cheap being a churchman.”

I may be forgiven for adding a story regarding a man who told a well-known priest his religion was without money and without price, “ and had never cost him a penny.” He was somewhat taken aback at the reproving answer “ Then may God have merey on your miserable stingy soul.”

One thing the Vicar of Carlton *has* taught his people by example and precept is to give and it says much for his own personality that he has been so successful in his endeavours, whether directed from the pulpit, in the hunting field or at the auction mart on market days. “ The Wheat Bell ” was one of the most telling evidences of this.



*Apropos* of money raising I cannot refrain from telling the story of the parson's badger. He heard of a badger having been caught in the

parish and his quick aforesight saw here a possible means of revenue, so he pressed poor brock into service, and had him secured (! save the mark) in a pigstye adjacent to the Vicarage. The plan of campaign was to take parties of visitors to the village to gaze upon "the grey" (as our forbears called them) at a charge of twopence each. The badger, however, did not quite fall in with the scheme, and by lifting up with his tremendously strong forearms, the stones from the floor of his prison, he burrowed his way out from durance vile. A party of twopence payers were escorted to view the animal, and it was thought he was merely sulking. Into the stye went the vicar to "proddle" him out to earn his fee, and then did he find the explanation.

The hill-sides around Carlton and Faceby were, a few years ago, favourite haunts of the badger—one of the last remaining of our English wild fauna—and it is ten thousand pities they are gradually becoming extinct. They are, I fancy, vigorously preserved in Arncliffe Wood.\* I quite agree with a recent writer who said :—

"The protection of the badger," remarks Sir Harry Johnston, "ought to be made universal in the law of the land, quite as much as in the case of interesting wild birds"—a sentiment which, it is needless to say,

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\* By Sir Hugh Bell, Bart., who owns the Arncliffe estate on which Mount Grace ruins are situated. Sir A. E. Pease, Bart., is also one of the most vigorous friends the badger has in Yorkshire, and one of the greatest living authorities on the animal.

will receive the approbation of all who love and are interested in preserving the wild fauna of their native country. No other animal has made such a wonderful struggle for existence, and while it is much to be regretted that his persecutors cannot be proceeded against under any existing Act for the protection of animals, I hope that vigorous protests may be made in time to prevent his total extermination."

Reference to Mr. Kyle and animals reminds me of another incident of an amusing character. Some previous tenants at Busby Hall were distressed at the illness of one of their children. Their medical adviser told them that to save the child's life it should be given asses' milk. They were comparative strangers in the locality, and so appealed to Mr. Kyle. Always ready to assist anyone in difficulty, the vicar had his trap yoked up and set off to scour the country in search of an ass with the necessary qualifications. If I remember rightly he was at last, after driving many miles, directed to some one at Rounton, and thither he arrived close on midnight and driving up a narrow yard, stuck fast with his trap, halloed the people out of bed, asked them (to their utter astonishment if not fear) if they *had* an ass, and received the answer: "You have plenty of asses nearer home without pullin' us oot o' bed at midneet."

On August 21st, 1906, the late Archbishop of York and the Hon. Mrs. Maclagan paid a visit to Carlton. They were staying in the district with Lady de L'Isle, and were delighted to find the church open for private prayer. He expressed his delight at the beautiful church, which he had seen before, but not with the same leisure. He left Carlton with the words of

encouragement to its pastor, "Go on and prosper." and on the same occasion offered Mr. Kyle either another country living or one in a town if he cared to go. The Archbishop had naught but praise to give. It is an old adage "To understand is to love," and His Grace of York had seen the church, he knew the work which had been and was being done—he understood!

In my diary I find a record of another Kylean sermon which included a homily on the perseverance of Noah, who went on patiently building for years, so no clergyman should ever think of giving up in disgust. Then to show the humanity of Noah or excuse short comings in the cloth, he added rather quickly "But Noah wasn't perfect—he got drunk once you know."

I have referred in a previous story to Mr. Kyle's great hearted sympathy, and I am again reminded of it by turning over the pages of my diary, and finding the enclosed letter he sent to me one evening after I had had some unpleasantness in the hunting field.

Dear General,—You must come in to-night at 7-30, and have a little supper. I'm the parish priest and I know at times how a little friendly chat is good for certain of my flock. All of us have rubs sometimes—bruises which are most unfair and hard to bear. Come now to-night by my orders. I'll take no excuse." Your friend—J. L. Kyle."

With regard to the continuous desire on the part of the writer of that letter to make the world a little brighter and happier for having lived in it, I write *experientia docet*—I speak that I know.

During the three hunting seasons the author was at Carlton, he had more literary work than any one man should attempt to accomplish, and out of the kindness

of the parson and his wife's heart constant were the invitations to supper and to spend the evening, it became almost an understood order of procedure that on non-hunting days the vicar came up to see me



The Author "snapped" at the corner of Busby Wood.

in the morning, and I went down to the Manor House in the evening, if only for half an hour. The drawing-room, in which we sat, is a huge room, and I used to take my perch on the coal box, the parson all the while persuading me that I was doing *him* a kindness by going and seeing him, when his own and his good wife's *raison d'être* was to get me away from my desk and typewriter for a time for a rest and change of surroundings. The action is characteristic of the twain

When first I made the Vicar of Carlton's acquaintance he was living at the picturesque vicarage and I was residing at Battersby. I used to occasionally pop over, and on one occasion went with him to Handley Cross (the house he built for Mr. H. L. Selby-Lowndes when he came to Master the Bilsdale Hounds) to look at a big chestnut Irish horse. The animal had not been out of the stable for a fortnight, and was "mad fresh." I got on to it and was riding up the village when a child ran by with a clattering hoop. The chestnut gave a snort, and a buck and dashed off with the bit in his teeth. It was about as much good pulling at his tail as trying to stop him, so I determined to turn him up Carlton Bank

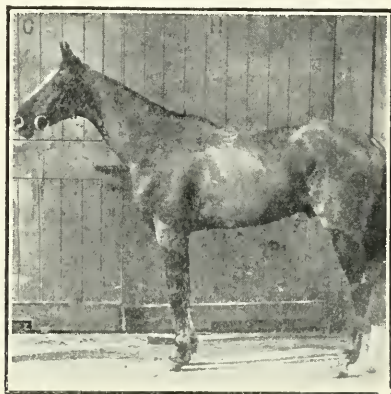


The Vicarage at Carlton (showing the gate "jumped.")

where he would soon tire. *He* had other plans, however. Having been stabled in the vicarage field, prior to being removed to Handley Cross, he decided to return thither, suddenly swerved for the spiked vicarage gateway, stopped dead on finding the gate closed, and then jumped it "standing," the swerve, the dead stop and the sudden leap into the air over a carriage drive gate, threw me heavenwards, and down I came with a tremendous crash. No bones were broken, however, and though I could not move without pain for some days, I had a most happy time at the Vicarage, and can yet hear in my imagination the vicar singing to his little girls in the early morning "I'll still be the vicar of Bray," or a remarkable song with a chorus "A gallon of beer won't serve them all, we are the Roman soldiers." Yes! The cure was worth the malady, and when I later read A. H. K. Boyd's beautifully written "*Thoughts of a Country Parson*," I understood them all the better for the ride on the chestnut and the aftermath. The horse was later daily driven by a postman from Rosedale to Pickering. He sealed our friendship, and later we had many escapades together which were recalled in summary in a letter to me from the parson some months ago :

"I'll mount you to hounds of course. Let me know what day or days you can come. We are going to kill a pig on Tuesday, so now none of your nonsense, thinking you'll eat too much. You're a wonderful chap winning so many races with your horses (Keals-ham must be a good one) and writing theological essays. The coal box is still in existence. I saw the fat police inspector the other day and it reminded me of days long ago. What with thrashing bobbies and

the selfish fellow we pulled out of limbo, and the ham and eggs on the moor after frightening the wits out of the public house maiden, on our grand ride from Lenten preaching—Ah! and the meet at Wrelton too!—fine old



Kealsham.\*

times. We'll run them all through when you come. Things in the village much the same. Now I'll give you the greatest hiding you ever had in your life if you do not come soon." Ever your old friend, J. L. Kyle."

There are some allusions to events here which went to make later day history in the parish. The author arranged a ball some years ago under the auspices of the Bilsdale Hunt. The affair was looked upon as being a "grand do." Mrs. Gjers and some friends very kindly decorated the reading-room. Mr. Kyle's saddle room was transformed into a ladies' cloak room, and a great crowd turned up. Unfortunately the evening's pleasure was suddenly interrupted by an unrehearsed incident, the constable in attendance being assaulted. For days after the police haunted the

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\* Little more than a pony, this 'Chaser has won races for the author at Wetherby (twice), Sedgely and Catterick.

village and my housekeeper used to announce with something of a mixture of fear and annoyance "t' pollis is here again." The result was that the vicar and I were subpœnaed on opposite sides and went to the



The Biltsdale Hounds on Carlton Bank.

court at Stokesley to give evidence in the case. There was a barrister for the defence, and I recall he asked me if the defendant was drunk, to which I replied amid a titter "I would not say he was drunk, but he had more drink than he could carry as a gentleman."

It was on another occasion that Mr. Kyle was asked to preach one of the Lenten sermons at Pickering and

decided that if I would accompany him he would ride the forty miles on horseback. This was in the April of 1905. We set off in the highest of spirits for Ingleby Greenhow and thence to Turkey Nab and along the rough moorland road to Fadmoor, where a heavy hail-storm came on. At Kirbymoorside we had dinner at the farmer's ordinary at the White Horse, and went on our way to Pickering, where, as chance had it, we met the Vicar (Mr. Drage) also on horseback, returning from a distant part of his wide parish. We were shown the deeply interesting Church, and I remember being struck with the purity of the boys voices at evensong. We stayed at the vicarage and next morning called on Mr. Frank Sterricker, saw his Cleveland Bays\* (in which general utility breed Mr. Kyle has for long been interested), then went on to the late Col. Loy's, where Mr. Kyle called. Mr. Kyle's captain brother and Col. Loy's son had been friends in South Africa and the old gentleman was delighted to see the Vicar of Carlton. I will not say it was by design that we arrived at Wreton about the time the Sinnington Hounds were due to meet, but nevertheless we did and had a gallop which nearly took us back to Pickering. We pulled up, however, for a Lenten service on the previous evening and a fox-hunt on the following day savoured more of robustness than orthodoxy. We were "out for the day," so went on to have a peep at Lastingham, and visited the crypt of that deeply interesting Church, having put

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\* Cleveland Bays were originally known in Yorkshire as "Chapman horses." In the *York Courant* of Feb. 15th, 1755, it was stated: "150 Chapman's horses were sold at the Northallerton Fair a few days previous." The Cleveland Bay and Yorkshire Coach Horse are closely allied and are both marked by their richness of colour (bay with black points), size and quantity (yet quality) of bone, and their all round character. They can be hunted on Monday, in the plough on Tuesday, draw the farmer's trap to market on Wednesday, lead manure on Thursday, act as hack on Friday, and work Sunday too if necessary. The pity is so few Yorkshire farmers now breed them. The Cleveland Bay and Yorkshire Horse Societies have done much for the breeds, in which our present King is now taking an interest.

our horses up at the little inn. The then landlady did not seem disposed to make a meal ready for us, and hungry as hunters as we were Mr. Kyle insisted : " I'm the Vicar of Carlton and keep a pub myself " he said. The buxom lady looked disbelieving but Mr. Kyle still insisted, and we eventually got some ham and eggs. It should not have seemed so unlikely at Lastingham of all places that a parson " kept a pub," for one of their own curates did so in the reign of Queen Mary. He only had £25 a year stipend and a wife and thirteen children to maintain.

The following lines from an old song in the possession of my father tell us how he increased his income :—

A round, fat-faced man was he  
 With paunch to hold good ale, Sir,  
 For he could draw a wide-brimmed stoup  
 With onny in our dale, Sir,  
 At least it would have been that road  
 Had fortune smiled and let  
 His gullet wet, but truth to tell  
 He had no luck to get it.  
 His buxom wife each year blessed him  
 With one more soul to pray for,  
 To clothe, to feed, to train, to learn  
 In every way to pay for.  
 He works the church, she works the pub  
 D'ye say a strange queer hobby ?  
 Not so good Sir, he tended souls,  
 His dame fets\* for the body.

After the meal we found ourselves in a somewhat peculiar predicament—we were both nearly "spent up." " I'll give her a cheque " said the parson, but the landlady said " Ah deean't like these 'ere cheques an' onny boddy could say they were t'vicar o' Carlton,"

\* Fets, a dialect word for "does," "attends to," "sufficient." Example : " Yan'll fet ma," i.e. " one will do."

so we joined our sinking resources, paid our bill and went on. We were over-taken by a heavy snow-storm, called on the then Vicar of Farndale (Rev. J. Graham) and after an hour proceeded on our homeward journey with the hills around us snow-covered and moonlit. I shall never forget the beauty of that long night ride—the majesty of the hills, and their impressive dignity. One learned something of the psalmist's wondrous awe which prompted him to sing "To the hills will I lift mine eyes—the everlasting hills." Half way up the mountain road leading from the beautiful valley of Farndale we turned our horses' heads and looked on the scene below. It was surpassingly lovely. The deep shadows stretching far over the whitened



On the Moors above Carlton.

fields, the lighted windows here and there of hill side farms, the stillness of everything around touched, first the emotions, and then seemed to breathe upon the very soul :

Beneath our feet, a little lowly vale,  
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high  
Among the mountains, even as if the spot  
Had been from oldest time, by wish of theirs  
So placed to be shut out from the world,  
With rocks encompassed.

It was a silent ride, for we were each occupied by our own thoughts, and speech would have broken the spell. It was late when at last we arrived at the Manor House, and later still when we had supped and talked o'er all our experiences. It was Cowper who wrote (in "The Task") "Variety's the very spice of life that gives it all its flavour." Surely we had it in those days.

Another story comes into my mind as I write of an old Carlton lady, who was suffering from nerves and depression. Her doctor advised her "to go away and have a complete change," and a week or two later saw her and asked her how she felt. "Ah's neea better doether; neea better," she replied. "Did you go away and have a change and some lively society!" he asked, and was somewhat astonished at the reply "Ah heven't been away bud Ah've been ta three funerills in a fotnith an' they hevn't done ma a bit o' good." It was the same old dame who said regarding a large family of harum-searum children in the village "It's a wonder ta me they decan't git killed. Ah's sure it is bud they must hev a *garden* angel apiece." I fancy it was she also who heard some church spoken of as "varry high," because

they burned candles. "Whya, then," argued she, "*we* must be high chetch, for we hev all oor chetch lighted wi 'cannels an' bon nowt else."



Another View of Carlton Village.

Another definition of the term High Church comes into my mind as I write. A little girl was responsible for it and she was not far from the truth. She said, "If you go to church on week-days you are a High Churchman, and if you only go to church on Sundays you are Low Churchman. My father is a very Low Churchman because he does not go to church at all."

I suppose Carlton comes between the twain, for Mr. Kyle, whilst teaching the full Catholic doctrine,

does not adopt much of the growing outward Catholic practice of lights, vestments, incense and so forth, though he sees and appreciates all the beauty of the objective and the great principle for which it stands. In the chapter on Faceby an illustration is given showing him at the head of a procession with all the full accessories of worship which were referred to by Keble in his *Letters of Spiritual Counsel* (3rd Ed. pp. 325)

"The usages in question symbolize, more or less directly, the Doctrines of the Real Presence and the Sacrifice. . . . I do, indeed, regret the disregard of the (Ornaments) Rubric as a real blemish in our ecclesiastical practice. . . . I, for one, rejoice whenever and wherever I see that kind of revival successfully and tranquilly accomplished."

Speaking of Churchmanship at Carlton, I recall how the late sexton discountenanced the Sacrament of Baptism. On the Sunday following the consecration of the church a daughter of Mr. S. L. Harries and a son of Mr. F. Wake, junr., were brought to be received into the church by the great Sacrament, and the church was filled to overflowing to see the first "kessenings." The old sexton stood at the door with increasing amazement as each fresh group made their way up the church path. Several times he delivered himself of wonder, not unminged with sarcasm :

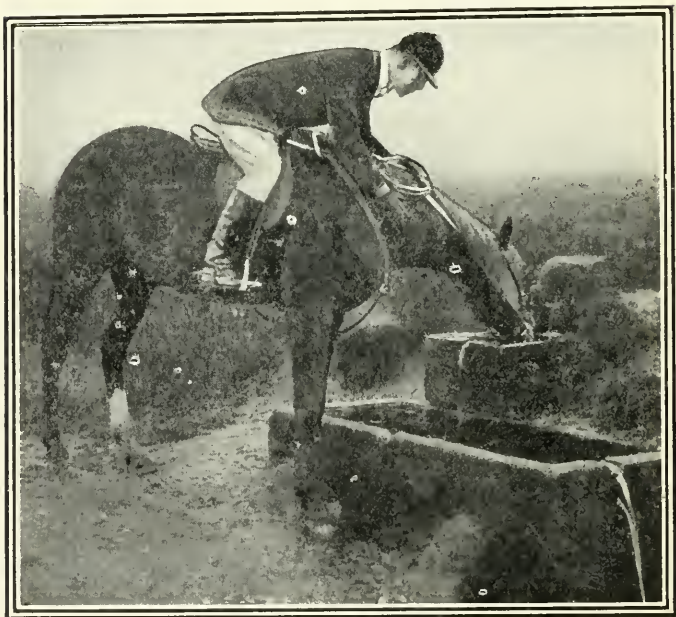
"Ah nivver saw owt leyke it iv all t' yeears Ah've been here. All you fooaks cummin' to ehetch ov an efterneean an' neea sarvice. It's nobbut tweea bairns gahin' ti be kessenened, that's *all*."

Old Ramsdale was a remarkable character and firmly believed that he had swallowed a frog\* which got

\* St. William (of York) healed one who had swallowed a harmless frog. St. John (of Beverley) restored one who had swallowed a venomous spider."—Parkinson's *Yorkshire Legends and Traditions*."

the benefit of all he ate or drank. When it was hungry he vowed it croaked in his "innards" and so he had to eat and drink to satisfy it. He could neither "drown na brusst it," and it was a continuous source of annoyance and disturbance to him with its greed and croaking. He was a monomaniac, and everyone he met had to hear about his voracious inward trouble. Mr. Hornung makes him one of the principal characters in *Peccavi*, and does not by any means exaggerate the old sexton's troublesome croaker.

Speaking of superstitions reminds me of a tradition that the water in Brandy Well, half way up Carlton Bank, has most wonderful curative properties, and that



Brandy Well on Carlton Bank.

a wish made here when drinking, is pretty certain to be fulfilled. The well\* is by the road side and the water is no doubt just about as pure as it could possibly be, coming as it does, after much filtering through peat, straight from the hills. There may be something more than mere superstition in the health giving properties of this water, especially in conjunction with the climb up the hill amid pine trees and the inhaling of the invigorating air.

Turning to my diary again I find a reference to the Faceby Choir's trip to York and the following incident remarked upon by Mr. Kyle in a letter to the author :—

"We went to a sale at Walker's and then walked round the grand old City, eventually finding ourselves in the cattle market, where I found my Irish cousins in full array. What lively, capable, interesting salesmen they are. What attitudes they strike! Faces with just a touch of melancholy; kind and happy when they light up and so courteous and polite. The contrast is great with the solid, cute, silent Englishman. I must say my cousins were all interesting and quite refreshing to meet—I love them all." In another letter (evidently a reply and reproof to something I had said in correspondence) the vicar says: "No! No! Paddy is not given away by being able to sleep in an out-building, and do his own cooking. It is only the well-bred who can "endure hardship," and it is a sign of degeneracy, as in the nation, when luxury and coddling are necessary and demanded.

\* Similar virtues are claimed for the water at Coppetty-keld Well on the hills above Faceby, whilst above Mount Grace Priory is another well supposed to have remarkable properties. For superstitions regarding other Yorkshire Wells see Whellan, vol. II. p. 850 (nr. Appleton-le-Street); Graves, p.p. 221, 222 (Roseberry); Hope, p. 205 (Calbridge), and p. 194 (Cropton); Whellan, vol. II. p. 826 (Egton); Hope, p. 179 (Grinton); Fletcher, vol. II. p. 338, and Cooke's, p. 120 (Hartleap); Ord, p. 223 (Hinderwell); Young, vol. II. p. 882 (Kettleless); Barker, p. 18 (Middleham); Murray, p. 210 (Newton Dale); Robinson, p. 150 (Whitby); Hargrove, vol. II. p. 1 (York); Gill, p. 223 (Gormire); etc., etc.

Does not MacDonald say of one of his heroes " Being well born he did not mind the cold and rain and wore no top coat."

Mr. Kyle has quite a style of his own in preaching. He is invariably earnest and after these many years still fills the church. He has often said to me that he feels " dried up," but fresh springs keep running, and if he *does* sometimes (as he himself puts it) " go off at a tangent " there is always a point in the digression. He is not unfrequently taken quite out of himself when preaching, and amazed at what he has said. Possessed of a keen sense of humour he can tell a story against himself and once told me with glee in a letter how a farmer had told him : " I enjoyed ya sarman. Ya mix it well, but when yan gets it pieced together its nut hauf bad." Being a farming parson he gets a great deal of harvest festival sermonising and is tremendously popular, being able to meet the farmers on some common ground, come down to their level, and then raise their thoughts from things material to the good God who giveth all.

It was a visitor to the village, I think, who once volunteered a few suggestions to the vicar as to preaching, and followed them up by bringing a barrow-load of someone's sermons for him to read. I will not dwell upon their fate.

Yet another amusing criticism of a sermon was that regarding an address on John the Baptist the vicar once preached. He spoke of the girdle about his loins, and after the service an old parishioner, in whose house the preacher was sitting, said, pointing to the large girdle-cake pan on the fire : " Di' you mean to say John the Baptist went about wi' yan o'

them things tied tiv his loins ? He must 'a'e foond it despart okkard."

It was the same farmer who once brought a learned friend of his of "the people" (who had thoughts of entering Holy Orders) to hear Mr. Kyle and afterwards said : "Whya, mah friend wasn't varry struck wi' ya preachin' coz he said he c'u'd understand all ya said, but in his parish t' parson's a gramarian an' can fetch oot a lot o' wods wot neeaboddy understands but hissen."

Mr. Kyle believes that it is the personal touch in sermons which appeals to rural congregations, and whilst engaged on this book I have received a letter from a Danby parishioner in which the following words appear, bearing out the farming parson's argument : "I never saw so many farmers and with sportsmen at church before. They were delighted Mr. Kyle's interesting and enjoyable discourse. They knew he spoke from experience. They appreciated his kindly sympathy when he spoke of the trying time they had gone through and told them to be patient. When he referred to damaged crops and feelingly called them "poor beggars," their hearts warmed towards him, and they knew he understood them and their difficulties."

Frequently I have heard Mr. Kyle hold up the Turf as a standard for morality in his sermons when referring to the petty meanness and dishonesties of the day. "They would'nt do such things" said the parson "on the Turf." One cannot call him "a racing man" for all that though he used sometimes to go to the now extinct Malton Meeting and I have seen him at Picton Steeplechases.

It was during the course of an appeal to the farmers in his parish to be more united and friendly and to combine their interests, that the vicar illustrated his point by saying: "When on a Wednesday morning I see first one trap and then another driving down to Sexhow Station with a pound or two of butter, and a few cockerels with their heads stuck out of the baskets, I think of all the money wasted in train fares and the time wasted both of which might be saved by combination."

Mr. Kyle had to put up with a good deal of chaff when he was billed throughout Cleveland by a well-priest" meaning churchwarden as "that popular parish in an announcement of his forthcoming harvest festival sermon.

Happily he is gifted with a keen sense of humour as the following story, contained in a letter to the author, displays:—

"Poor——is in a bad way. I was rather amused the other day, when in the midst of what I felt to be a priest's duty I was trying to lead his thoughts to higher things, he said "If I die, all well and good, but do you think you could tell me t' weight of my pig, and have you onny pig taties? I want ta sell t' hams ta pay t' doctor." Well it soothed the poor fellow to think I could judge his pig, but I am very troubled about him." He got the potatoes!

I have often been amused at Mr. Kyle dropping into the Yorkshire dialect in his sermons, but have never been more impressed with the beauty and emphasis of the vernacular, as when thus used to bring home a point. The use of idiom and local expression seem to come quite naturally from "his reverence," and serve

their purpose of arresting the attention and pointing a moral.

Speaking of the dialect as spoken in Cleveland, it is fitting to give a couple of examples, especially as both have reference to Carlton-in-Cleveland, and emanate from Carltonians. It is well, at any rate, to place on record in this work some of our pure folk speech,\* which, alas! is fast giving way in Cleveland to town slang and mispronounced misapplied English. The intercommunication between Tees-side and the surrounding villages has resulted in the villagers dropping much which is natural to ape that which is unnatural, and their mother tongue has suffered in consequence. Only the other day I heard a youthful Carltonian say with much *hauteur* "Ho hits *hin* material." His father would have said "It dissn't matter mich onny rooad."

Here is a Carlton love story as related to me by a villager :—

"Ah lay you'll know what a rangle-boak is—ur reyther *was* fur there's varry few on 'em left noo. Fire sahds hev been desptertly altered fra what they wer i' former daays an' except in t'deeals, where peat fires are bonned on t'hearth, there's varry few 'at use a wreckon noo-a-days. Yance, "there wur a young woman, coorting', ez young woman *will*, deca ya know, but her feyther an' mother didn't want her ta hev a sweetheart. Ya neet they'd geean ta bed, hed t'awd fowk, an' left Sarah sittin' up. Seea she lets t' young man in. Her feyther an' mother heeard her talking away, an' seea they shootod down "Wheea are ya talking teea, Sally." "Oh! Ah's sayin' me prayers," she sed. It went on a bit langer, an' sha

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\* See Glossary of 1,000 dialect words compiled by R. Blakeborough.

aamed t'awd fowk wad be asleep, bud, hooiver, tha warn't, an' afoor lang t'awd woman shoots doon ageean "What are ya deeain' noo." "Ah's *still* sayin' me prayers" sha sed. At last t'awd woman came doon to see fur hersell an' sha saw t' young chap sittin' biv t'sahd o' Sally, seea sha off back ta bed ez sharp ez sha c'u'd, an sed "Oh! John there's t' devil doon-stairs." John gans down but biv this tahm t' young feller hed louped up t' gert wide chimney on ta t'angle boak, an' t'awd chap called upstairs "there's neea yan bud Sally." He wur standin' wiv his back tiv t'fire an' t'young lover seized a "yasty" † pudding his sweetheart hed been makking an' flang it at t' awd feller's bare legs. He off lyke a rezzil\* screeamin' "Bah gum thoo's reet, an' Ah've felt his horns."

The other example of the Cleveland folk speech has reference to a Carltonian's visit to Stokesley Show—the great annual event of the year in the district. Stokesley was at one time the market town for all Cleveland, and here the Carlton and Faceby folk used to take their butter and eggs and buy their provisions as they now do at Stockton. Stokesley has lost all its prestige as a produce market though the cattle marts and show still hold their own. Mrs. George Markham Tweddell wrote this of her beloved old town some years ago:—

Wa ain't mich traade, Ah mun confess,  
 Fer Stockton did us broon  
 Wi' takkin' t' market clean away  
 Fra poor awd Stowsler toon.

Here is the account of "Nancy and Isaac's visit to Stowsler Show fra Carlton."

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† Hasty pudding.      \* An old word for weazel.

“ Oor Nancy an’ me went to Stowsler Show an’ reet weel wa enjoyed wersells Ah’m seea. Wa allus gan ivvery yeear an’ hev deean ivver sen it fost started. Oor master gennlins shows summatt. He did this yeear, an’ gat a second prazhe—nut mich, bud he wer desptert setten up wiv it. Noo, he’s an awd man, bud he says he nivver sees a better lot o’ hossess gethered tigither than he diz at Stowsler show—an’ he’s been amang hosses all his life, ez a boddy might saay. T’ fost prazhe fer bulls cam intiv oor nyberhud. Bah gum bud ther wer sum fine coorn (corn); where the duce hev they gittin it all up? Wi’ us it’s shot (short) becath i’ t’ heead an’ streea which calis ti mahnd an’ awd sang me feyther ewsed ta sing :—

Raan agaan! Ah deea declare,  
 It’s twee daays wet fer ya daay fair.  
 Sike tahms ez these wer nivver seen  
 Us farmers will be beggars clean.  
 There’s sarvants’ wages gamin on.  
 An’ there tha stand an’ now’t is deean,  
 There’s sike a a mess o’ moulded hay,  
 An’ taaties rottin’ all awaay.  
 Wheeat’s thin i’ t’grund, an’ small in t’ear,  
 It cannot yield Ah’s varry seear.  
 Oats is sa leet Ah saay  
 ‘At t’better haul’ll blaw awaay.  
 Beans tha ‘a’e na pods .  
 They’re nowt bud top,  
 An’ barley isn’t hawf a crop.  
 T’ pastures is sa varry bare,  
 ‘At stock’s cummin’ doon at ivvery fair.  
 There’s now’t ta eat fer milking kye,  
 An’ t’maist on ‘em will seean be dry.\*  
 Times is sa bad Ah’s varry flayyed †  
 Rates, rents an’ taxes can’t be paid;  
 Times noo fer farmers is sa bad.  
 You’ll see next spring they’ll breack‡ like mud.

\* Giving no milk. † flayyed : afraid. ‡ breack = breake, fail, become bankrupt.

Bud to gan back ta Stowsler Show. T' pultry were grand, bud it *was* a job gittin' in ti see it. Mah awd woman sed sha felt ez if sha wer iv a cheese press an' if Lannon wer owt like t' hubble-shoo an' scrow there she nivver wanted ta gan—bud then ya knaw sha's thoteen steean an' nut a lahl 'un. By gocks! bud there were sum yarking geese an' neea mistak, regular pluggers. Ah didn't stop lang about t'hoss shoeing spot, t' smeak gat inta yan's een seea. T' bullocks wur a fine lot. Bud of all t' things that there quack doctor woman 'banged all. C'uddn't sha talk a bit an' neea mistak. Ah s'u'd think if her husband dissn't treead his shoes varry straight, ez they say, sha'll be yabble ti give him sike a lectur ez Ah s'uddn't leyke. Noo Ah thowt oor Nancy had a gift o' t'gab, bud sha cuddn't hod a cannel ti yon woman. neea hoo. Oor awd Nancy wad hev a bottle o' stuff. Ya mun knaw, sha's oft troubled wiv rumatics, an it dissen't improve her temper, Ah can tell ya. Sha gets into sike tantrums ez there's neea biding in t'hoos beside her. Ah hope this will cure her, bud Ah ain't vary mich faith in what t'quacks sells. Then can't louping; it wur't best fun of all. Yan. a chestnut beggar, were as okkard as iver t' beast e'u'd be; he wadden't loup at all, bud that grey galloway sha teak t'hodels\* like a bod; it wur ez plane ez a pike staff, which in that lot were best. It were very hard wark ganning aboot, an' Nance ar' me gat on ta t' grund iver sa seean. We wur gahin' ti call at a pleeace in t' town but, ses Nance, "Sees ta, it nobbut wants ten minutes ta twea o'clock. Thinks Ah, my awd watch is rang, onny way. Sea off we gans to t' grund widoot a bit o' dinner. We wur ganning in tiv

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\* Hurdles.

t'covered pleace, bud there wur sum sike fine drissed folks coming out, 'at our awd woman says :—" Sees ta. Isaac, this place is fer quality !\* Dissen't ta see them fine ladies ? An t' steupid awd beggar wadden't gan, bud we manished a pint o' yal, and a bit o' cheese an' breaad at another spot, an' it went doon weel. Ah can tell ya. In coming in tiv t' toon ageean to git a few earands dash that awd chetch clock wur at ten minutes ta twea agean ! " Why, " That licks owt in a place like Stoweslay, on t'cattle show day an' all ta hev t' clock stopped, an' Ah, like an awd fecal hed altered me watch a-coming in ; an' noo Ah didn't knaw what tahn it wur. An' d'ye knaw Sur, oor awd woman called ma ez if it wur all along o' messell, an' nut t' clock. Onny way, we enjoyed oorselves, an' gat seeaf back yam, ez we met a cart 'at was takking some sheep yam, seea we put our awd Nance in among 'em, and gat there all reet efter missing wer treean, all alang o' t' clock.

It was when the late Arnel Barnard was mine host of the Fox and Hounds at Carlton, that the Bilsdale Hounds cleared every vestige of a meal set out for a shooting party. Bobbie Dawson had called for a stirrup cup and whilst this was being brought some of the hounds found their way into the house and fell to feasting. On hearing Baritard endeavouring to whip them off Bobbie set off for Carlton Bank at a gallop and did not get his ' drop o' gin ' till he reached the Buck Hotel at Chop Yat. Arnel Barnard was famed as a pigeon shot over the whole of North Yorkshire, and had acted as game keeper to the Marquess of Londonderry. He won many valuable prizes and as many cups as any man in the North. One cup he won

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\* Aristocracy.

at Hendon (London) was against all comers, beating the famous Dr. Carver. His Cleveland supporters who accompanied him—(Mr. Mello and the late Mr. William Winn were amongst the number)—had a most profitable time as “Barnard walked about in an old hat, dressed in the jersey in which he always shot



At the Village Smithy.

and acted the “country feal” generally. The “bookies” laid long odds against him in the handicap for the cup. On one occasion I believe he shot 107 birds without a miss. In his day at the Fox and Hounds there were frequent pigeon shoots and sporting gatherings, and the house did a roaring trade.



THE AUTHOR.

Speaking of inns and innkeepers reminds me of a peculiar custom\* in the village, i.e., that of the owner of a horse, on its being shod for the first time, adjourning with the smithy staff to one of the inns and "wetting it's head" (i.e. drinking its health) at his own expense. All those foregathered at the blacksmith's shop take part in the adjournment and any chance passer by is called into the sign of the Ox or Fox to join the merry party. If truth be told I have more than once been thus summoned, and have thoroughly enjoyed the sly banter and humour attendant upon the luck drinking.

Another custom I recall is that of cutting off the tails of rats which have been killed and burning them under the supposition that they are otherwise fatal to cats.

With this allusion to rats' tails let me also bring mine to an end. If "Life in a Yorkshire Village" has not been treated from the standpoint, or in the manner some of my readers would have chosen, I would repeat what was urged in the Foreword that there are hundreds of other villages possessing a story well worth the telling let the relation take what form it may.

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\* Two Yorkshire beliefs in connection with the smithy are worth recording. (1) "A sure cure for warts was considered to be to dip the hand three times into the blacksmith's trough after any horse had been shod on three feet. (2) A certain cure for swelling in the throat (probably goitre) was to inhale the smoke from the hoof of an ass, which had never had a foal, as it was being shod."—R. Blakeborough.



THE END.

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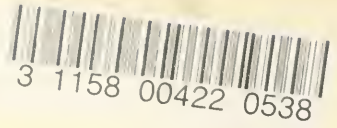
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